

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

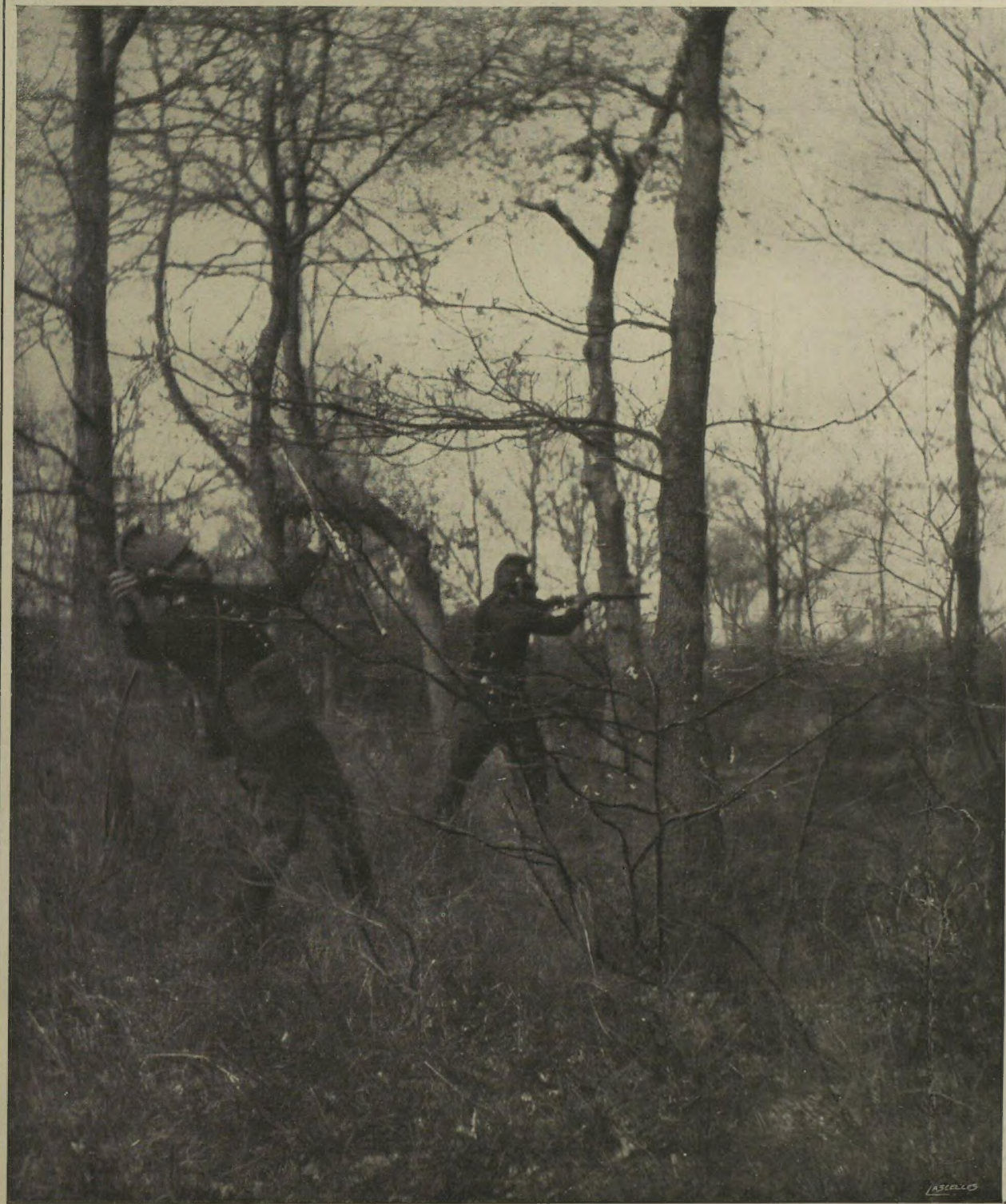
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST

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SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

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HIT!—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A FRENCH DRAGOON TAKEN AT THE MOMENT WHEN HE FELL, WOUNDED IN THE SHOULDER BY A GERMAN BULLET.

The remarkable photograph here reproduced is probably unique among those hitherto published during the war, showing as it does a soldier falling in battle at the very moment when he was struck by a bullet. The snapshot was taken by a comrade of the two men seen in it, who belonged to a party of French dragoons out on reconnaissance duty in the Forest of Champenoux. They were advancing, unaware of

the proximity of any Germans, when the enemy suddenly opened fire upon them. A German soldier had pulled the trigger an instant before the French dragoon clicked the shutter of his camera, and the photograph was thus taken just as one of the dragoons was falling, hit in the shoulder by a German bullet. Another is seen in the act of aiming at the enemy from behind a tree. The man hit survived his wound,

THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.

THERE are two things which must exercise a decisive influence on the course of the war and place its issue, in the recent words of Mr. Asquith at the Guildhall, altogether outside the region of "uncertainty and speculation." One of these events is our Premier's formation of a Coalition Ministry broad-based upon, and representative of, the entire British people's will; and the other is the military accession of Italy to the cause of the Entente Allies. Amid a week of adverse incidents and accidents of all kinds (Russian reverses in Galicia, setbacks to our own brave troops in Flanders owing to their alleged lack of a sufficient supply of high explosives, and what-not) those two Coalition events shine forth as historical landmarks and turning-points of the first order.

It is too early, of course, to venture on a horoscope of the war from the point of view of this new departure, but this at least can already be affirmed—that the entrance of Italy into the field will tend to facilitate immensely the task of the Russians by detaching to her southern frontier the forces of Austria which ought to be addressing themselves, in conjunction with the Germans, to the re-conquest of Galicia and the holding of the Carpathians. Even on the western front, which more immediately concerns us, the hostile pressure will be greatly relieved by the necessity imposed upon the Germans of making fresh endeavours on behalf of their Allies in the east.

Anyhow, the result of the war is now certain, however long it may last, though as regards this question it is still a matter of *quod homines, tot sententiae*. But there is one thing that would vastly accelerate its course, and that is the opening up of the Dardanelles, whereby Russia could receive the munitions of war whereof, like ourselves, she so sorely stands in need (hence her "recoiling" before the Germans and their inexhaustible supply of high-explosive shells in Galicia, though, after all, it only seems to be another case of *un peu reculer pour mieux sauter*), and also send out to us the mountains of wheat which are waiting to reduce our quatern loaf from ninepence to sixpence—its price before the war.

We are doing well at the Dardanelles, and even making progress along the Gallipoli Peninsula, one fierce Turkish attack on our lines being repulsed by the heroic Australasians, who have been doing prodigies of valour, with a loss to the enemy of 7000. But this Dardanelles enterprise is proving to be as costly as it is difficult, though in this connection one must remember the Greek maxim, *Chalepa ta kala*—"Great and good things are always difficult." They would also appear to be as deadly as they are difficult, to judge from the long casualty lists which continue to reach us from all the main theatres of our war, the last week-end issue of sorrowful figures giving a total of over 4200 officers and men, of whom 1750 were heroic sons of the Southern Cross, and 1580 of our "Expeditionary Force," by which our Army in Flanders seems to be meant.

Apart from the financial expense of the war, which is said to be something like two millions a day, it is computed that it is also costing us a daily average of 2000 killed and wounded, which works out at about 730,000 per annum! This calculation more particularly applies to Flanders, where, as asserted by those who claim to be "in the know"—and surely this phrase must apply to those military correspondents and critics who have been admitted to the private hospitality and confidence of our Commander-in-Chief himself—that most of our casualties are due to our defective supply of high-explosive shell, which is the only agency by which enemy trenches and wire-entanglements can be destroyed, thus opening up a free and unimpeded line of advance for our "incomparable infantry." To use shrapnel on such impediments, say the critics "in the know," is like sprinkling them with water.

By Sir John French himself, in one of his bulletins, it was admitted that our repulse from the Aubers Ridge was due to the lack of those high explosives which enabled the French, on other sectors of the line, to carry entrenched positions, so that his next assault at Richebourg l'Avoué had to take the form of a night attack. "The French the other day in Artois," wrote another journalistic guest of Sir John French, "made a great artillery concentration, and the result was that the French infantry advanced without any trouble for four miles. High explosives in sufficient quantities will annihilate the hostile trenches, parapets, and entanglements. . . . If the artillery preparation is sufficient, as a high authority has put it, you can take several miles of country with a walking-stick."

It was the tardy perception of this crucial fact that brought about the conversion of our Party Cabinet into a National one—a "Ministry of All the Talents," Liberal and Unionist, formed for the express purpose of organising all the resources of the nation on a military basis, and of giving our heroic soldiers and sailors whatever they want until they shall feel clotted with their mountainous supplies and cry, "Hold, enough!" If the Germans have mistaken the criticisms of a free people—as expressed in their Press and Parliament—for the party recriminations of a faction-rent nation, they will soon be bitterly undeceived. The day on which the two Coalitions were formed marked the definite turning of the tide, and with the unlimited supply of the particular shell they want our soldiers may now look forward to reaping the reward of their valour.

Their determination to win is only steeled by their recent losses, and of all these perhaps the cruellest was the frightful, the unparalleled disaster, which overtook a trainload of "Royal Scots," the oldest line-regiment of the British Army, when passing south to the front. "If it had only been a fect!"—and a good one too, such as would have gladdened the heart of that "bonny fighter," Alan Breck Stewart—exclaimed one of them in his dying agony, they wouldn't have cared. But to be mutilated and massacred like this on their way to the battlefield, their only pibroch being the screech of a steam-whistle—if ever, I say, there was a cruel frustration of the objects of martial manhood, surely it was this. Yet in this ill-fated, unexpected, and untimely manner they died for their country quite as much as if, with "Scotland for ever!" on their lips, they had met their doom in storming a line of German trenches.

LONDON: MAY 25, 1915.

"THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY,"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

A PLAYWRIGHT can be too clever at his job; can be so clever as not to take his own play seriously. That seems to be what is wrong with Mr. C. B. Fernald's stage-story about spies, "The Day Before the Day"; he wavers constantly between burlesque and melodrama. His spies are numerous enough, and have a ferocious air; all the recognised mechanism is set going. We are on the East Coast with an invasion threatening, which the Government must be persuaded to believe is due in the wrong county. Revolvers are put to stern use; a captain of our secret service is gagged and chained up; an English girl is given her choice between dishonour and her lover losing his life; the spies talk guttural German, and eat their country's food specialties, and commit their secret to a tin can—all of all odd receptacles! But you can never be sure whether Mr. Fernald is not laughing at our dread of Teutonic espionage, and he never lets his patriots be patriotic in a very convincing way. So it is probably to little purpose that Sir George Alexander has engaged a splendid cast for the production—Mr. Gwenn, for once in a malignant rôle; Mr. Frederick Ross, fiercely moustached as Palitz; Mr. Gerald Lawrence, as the arch-villain, supported by Mr. Nigel Playfair—do their best to curdle our blood; and Mr. Lyn Harding has the air of performing prodigies of valour; while Miss Grace Lane makes all she can out of the heroine's many distresses. But will their efforts avail?

TO OUR READERS.

MR. JULIUS PRICE, the well-known war-artist, has been specially commissioned to proceed to Italy to represent *The Illustrated London News* at the scene of the hostilities.

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WHY I AM AN OPTIMIST.

BY COLONEL F. N. MAUDE, C.B.

WHEN the War burst upon us like a "bolt from the blue," in August last, there was a momentary condition of panic amongst those who had never before realised what war must mean to a nation which had refused to study or consider beforehand the course which events were bound to take during the period which must necessarily elapse before the several countries, joined in alliance against the common enemy, could make up for neglected opportunities, or mobilise their full fighting resources.

The critical time covered by the retreat from Mons having passed by, the English public regained control of its nerves, and, as matters gradually resumed an almost normal aspect, its interest in the war began to wane. It became perfectly clear, however, to those who had studied the phenomena of similar situations, that we were in for a renewal of the nerve-crisis as soon as the terrible consequences of modern fighting were brought home to the unprepared public by the heavy casualty lists, certain to appear as soon as our combatant forces began to be numbered in hundreds of thousands.

These are the moments which always afford the enemy his best opportunities for striking, provided he still retains the necessary resources in men and the skill to employ them to the best advantage. Fortunately, in this case, he has already wasted these resources by the strategic and tactical methods he has been employing during the last six weeks, both in Flanders and in the Carpathians, and has openly confessed his inability to handle even those that remain to him, by the use of the archaic expedient of a "phalanx formation."

That he was bound to find himself in this position at an early date became evident to all trained military minds throughout the Alliance from the moment when—having been balked by the heroic resistance of the 7th Division at Ypres, and the no less conspicuous gallantry of the Russians in the East—he deliberately elected to conduct his operations in accordance with political expediency, thus throwing overboard the teachings of military experience.

Instead of shortening the fronts to be defended until their further resources could be organised for field operations, the Germans chose to hang on to a line which was far beyond the capacity of their available men to hold. The Allies on both fronts immediately fastened upon the advantages afforded them by this error, and by establishing centres of pressure at many points in the line, initiated a series of operations designed to compel the enemy to concentrate and counter-attack wherever the Allies desired that he should do so, in order to prevent the breaking of his front. The result of this policy, consistently pursued, has proved successful almost beyond expectation; for ever since December last, the Germans have been compelled to attack under most unfavourable conditions of ground and weather, not where they wanted to do so, but where we chose that they should. The upshot has been such a rapid diminution in their available men that it is now very doubtful whether they can manage to keep up the full fighting strength of their troops at the front for even another month, quite apart from the added strain which has been put upon them by Italy's intervention on our side.

In such a struggle, minor fluctuations in the line of trenches actually held are of no importance. All that counts is the relative gain or loss of men on either side. Not only have the Germans been losing two men to our one, taking both fronts of the Alliance together, but whereas they outnumbered all of us at first in troops ready for immediate action, the balance has by now turned decisively against them. And further, whereas they are now at the end of their resources, we in England have at least two million men ready for the front; Russia can go on raising men up to ten million more, if necessary; and in spite of the tremendous sacrifices forced upon her during the early weeks of the struggle, France can still show in her official figures nearly two million men prepared to replace her future casualties. To be on the safe side, I omit all the help we have already received from the Dominions and India, and leave entirely out of account the numbers now being organised throughout the Empire. I have also left out the two million or more fully equipped forces that Italy and—it may soon be also—Roumania are putting into the field.

In January last, the French officially published certain figures which showed that if the rate of wastage then going on was maintained, the German resources would be completely exhausted within ten months. This rate, however, has been very considerably increased since that date, and the Germans are within measurable distance of the breaking-point. When that time comes, the French will strike first, and we shall follow—with or without high-explosive shells. It will be an eternal disgrace to the English nation should we fail to be ready when the flag drops; though, aside from the pressure exercised by our Fleet, our numbers are so small in relation to the whole of the masses engaged that their presence or absence now will hardly count.

And it will be a still more indecible disgrace for the English people if they allow—at this juncture—an unscrupulous gang of panic-mongers to exploit their ignorance, arouse unjustifiable fears, and stampede them into a course of action which can but hinder the work of our defenders and encourage and assist the enemy. All for the benefit of a discreditable intrigue, directed to base ends.

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BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is customary to talk about the war fever; but in those who still exhibit it, the peace fever is much more feverish. With these people peace is not so much a prejudice as a mania. There is said to be a sort of person in the lunatic asylums who thinks he is a chicken. But even he is only somewhat exaggerating his legitimate claim to know his own business best. He is too modest to commit himself to the proposition that all human beings are chickens. That, however, is very much the proposition to which the extreme Pacifist commits himself: for he really talks of man as if he were talking of some other animal; as if a naturalist were to class men with poultry merely because they have two legs. Legs can be used for other purposes than that of running away; and man's highest moral and mental powers can be used for other purposes than that of keeping the peace. Mere Pacifism has in this crisis failed fully to support anything or anybody, even its own best exponents, and that for a perfectly simple reason: that mere Pacifism is morally wrong. Mere peace does not fill the heart; it does not satisfy the conscience or even the affections. I have heard of a person having the highly unpleasant accomplishment of being able to stop his heart from beating; and men of a generous and civilised breed can only reject the case for just anger and battle by an artificial stoppage of the heart.

It is one of the results of this that those Pacifists who are too old to drop their doctrine entirely, but too healthy-minded to apply it entirely, are driven to the most extraordinary compromises. One of the most brilliant and idealistic of our Liberalists, for example, admitted that complete peace could only be imposed on the world as the Roman peace was imposed; that is, by a central armed force superior to any other that could take the field. He seemed to admit that the Hague Conference would have to be equipped with such coercive powers if it was to do any good. But he added that he himself would prefer that it should be naval rather than military power. This seems to me a startling incidence of the utterly meaningless moderation of men who lose their own dogmas but cannot find any other. A central power to police the whole world into peace may be, as this writer would think it, the dawn of political perfection. It may be, as I should think it, a nightmare of political oppression. But I cannot conceive why the act of oppression should be any better because you do it in a boat: or why the act of peace and justice should be any worse because you do it in your boots and walking about on dry land. It is hard to see what there is more "Christian" (I use the word as these people use it) about interfering in other people's business with a naval gun than with a field-gun. It is also obvious, of course, that coercion applied by a cosmopolitan navy alone would not be even cosmopolitan; for it could not be universal. A war might rage between the Hungarians and the Poles and go on for ever; because Warsaw is scarcely a seaside resort. On the other hand, if anybody tried to do anything in particular in the Hebrides or the Channel Islands, the international Tolstoian fleet could give them a devil of a time. I see a dreary vision of the poor peacemaker sailing round and round Europe in a great big ship with a great big gun, bumping into all sorts of capes and islands, but

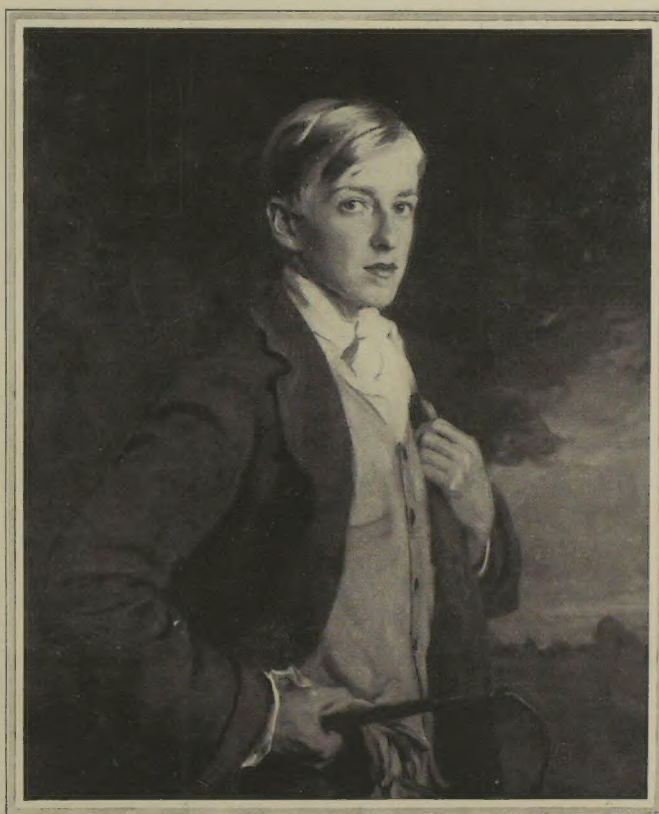
trying in vain to stop a war going on somewhere in the middle of Russia. I give this one instance out of a hundred merely to show the hopeless chaos of compromise into which the minds even of the ablest peace philosophers have fallen. Because they are men, because they are Europeans, because they are inheritors of an older and more manly morality, they simply cannot at this moment enforce the full Quaker doctrine of supporting any peace against any war. But, like all men who have lost their own first principles, they cast about trying to draw the line somewhere and draw it everywhere but in the right place. They will distinguish between land wars and sea wars, between Colonial wars and Continental wars,

novelist, is dreaming once again of his old ideal of a governmental peace for the whole planet. In an interesting article in the *Daily Chronicle*, he insists that the world must submit either to this or to a sort of endless rough-and-tumble of rude and ignorant wars. We have, he says, to choose between the World State and the War Path. He will know that I do not speak scornfully, but quite simply and quite seriously when I say that if I have so to choose, I unhesitatingly choose the War Path. Small wars between small States have gone on with the utmost fury and confusion without preventing those who waged them from doing a great many other things. They managed, somehow or other, to snatch a moment

to carve the Elgin Marbles; or the Gothic stone; they took a week end with Socrates or St. Francis; they snatched a moment to build the Tower of Giotto. But as the modern world is constituted, a Hague Convention, backed by infantry, cavalry, and artillery, would merely arm prigs with the weapons of cut-throats. It would, in practice, be almost as unrepresentative as a Parliament. It would probably be particularly subject to the very sort of Imperial wire-pulling with which we are now at war. The whole of that deliverance from a Central European tyranny which now seems possible, and in which Mr. Wells rejoices as much as I do, was begun, not by the large nations coming together, but by the small nations breaking loose. The Concert of Europe was an utterly voiceless concert until its silence was broken by the first shot from the hills of Montenegro. The nations were strong where the empires were weak; and the whole progress of the present struggle has been marked by nation after nation rising from the dead. Belgium is more Belgian than it ever was before; it was never so unconquerable until it was conquered. Poland is more Polish than it ever was before: it had never been so united as it has been since it was divided. One fact has emerged out of all this frenzy and pain as a thing incombustible might come out of a furnace; the sincerity, the reality, the eternity of free, separate, and sovereign peoples. It is a strange time to talk of a World State when the poor little princes of the poor little nationalities are already beginning to show themselves stronger than the Prince of the World.

There is one simple little question which I should like to ask of all those who would turn the healthy and human peace we may hope for in Europe into the iron peace of an international militarism. I should like, especially, to ask it of anyone who claims, as I claim, the name of a liberal. If he denies the justice of war, does he deny the justice of revolt? Suppose the World State exists; suppose no flags or frontiers are recognised; suppose no uniform exists save that of the sacred cosmopolitan policeman. Does he deny the right of a part of the World State to rise against the rest, if it considers itself overborne by tyranny; as the French rose in the eighteenth century? If he forbids just revolt, he is forbidding the first principle of liberalism. If he permits revolt, he is permitting war; merely deprived of the songs and emblems that gave it poetry and distinction. The World State would be permitted to shoot its prisoners of war: that is almost the only difference.

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"DIED OF WOUNDS": VISCOUNT WENDOVER, HEIR OF LORD LINCOLNSHIRE.

Lord Wendover, who died in the Military Hospital at Boulogne, on May 19, from terrible wounds—a shattered thigh and smashed arm—received in action, was the only son and heir of the Marquess of Lincolnshire, and was twenty. Both the Marquess and the Marchioness were with him when the end came. Lord Wendover was a very promising young soldier, and was a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards. King Edward VII. was the principal sponsor at Lord Wendover's baptism, and the young Viscount spent much time with the sons of King George. There is no second heir to the Marquessate of Lincolnshire, but the second heir to the Barony of Carrington is the only brother of the present Peer, the Hon. Rupert Carrington, C.V.O., D.S.O., who served with distinction in the Zulu War, 1879, and in South Africa, 1899 and 1902, as Colonel Commanding 3rd Regiment, New South Wales Imperial Bushmen.

From the Painting by Philip A. de Laszli (Photograph by Paul Laib).

between wars against cultured peoples and wars against uncultured peoples, between wars that are approached slowly and diplomatically, and wars that are undertaken swiftly and suddenly. But somehow they cannot bring themselves simply to distinguish between wars that are right and wars that are wrong. I should say, rather, perhaps, attacks or resistances; for the war itself is not one thing at all, but is necessarily the collision of two things. And one half of the war is right simply because the other half of the war is wrong.

I see that Mr. H. G. Wells, whose immense imagination and sensibility make him feel the personal agonies of war with the vividness necessary to a great

THE COLLISION OF THE THREE TRAINS AT GRETNA: THE MOST TERRIBLE DISASTER IN THE HISTORY OF BRITISH RAILWAYS.

PHOTOGRAPHS TOPICAL AND C.N.



AN INCOMPLETE BUT VERY SIGNIFICANT ROLL-CALL: WHEN FIFTY-TWO MEN OUT OF SOME 500 OF THE 7TH BATTALION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS ANSWERED TO THEIR NAMES AFTER THE TERRIBLE COLLISION ON THE CALEDONIAN LINE.

AFTER A TROOP TRAIN (CARRYING THE 7TH BATTALION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS) AND A PASSENGER TRAIN HAD COLLIDED AND THE LONDON-GLASGOW EXPRESS HAD CRASHED INTO THE WRECKAGE: BURNT-OUT COACHES STILL SMOULDERING.



A FIELD BY THE LINE AS A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL: INJURED LAID OUT ON MATTRESSES AFTER THE DISASTER.

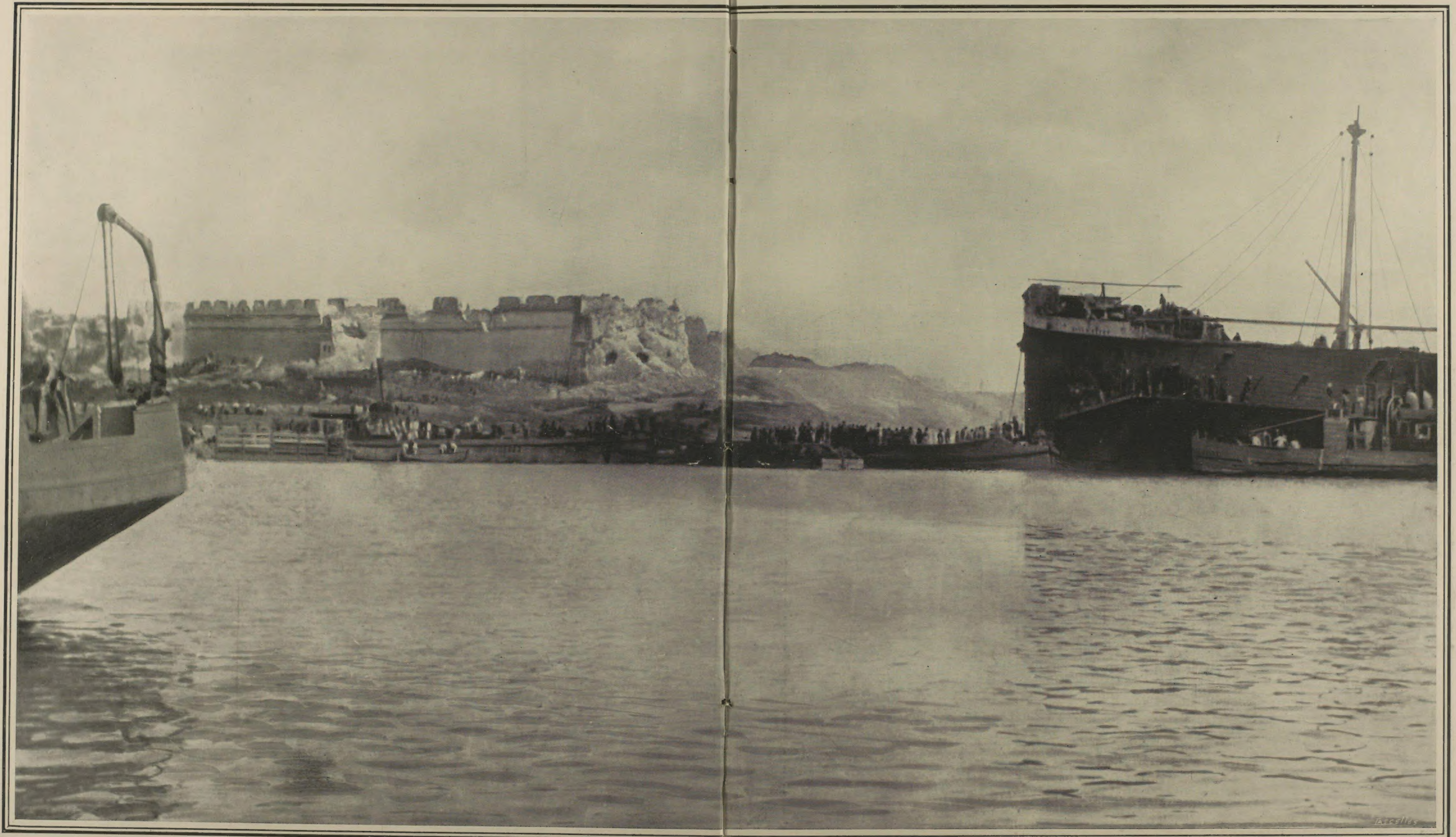


FIRE ADDING TO THE HORRORS OF THE GREAT COLLISION: THE WRECKAGE OF THE TRAINS BLAZING FURIOUSLY.

The horrifying railway collision on May 22 on the Caledonian line at Quintinshill, close to Gretna Green, and nine miles north of Carlisle, is the worst disaster in the history of British railways. A troop train from Scotland, carrying the 7th Battalion of the Royal Scots, ran into a passenger train from Carlisle, early in the morning, and within two minutes, before warning of the collision could be given, the Glasgow express from Euston, drawn by two engines, dashed into both trains. According to an official statement issued at the time of writing, 157 were killed and 200 injured. There are two sidings for shunting at the place of the accident, but both were occupied by goods trains. The Carlisle local train had been turned on to the main line to the South to let the Euston-to-Glasgow express, which is said to have been late, pass by, when, just before 7 a.m., the troop train came up on the same set

of rails. Most of the troop train carriages, which were packed with soldiers, were derailed and toppled over, and the next minute the express crashed in among them. The carriages took fire at once, and before rescuers, who worked heroically, could get to work, the troop train was ablaze from end to end, with most of the occupants pinned down among the wreckage. Medical aid was summoned by telephone from Gretna village, and as speedily as possible doctors and nurses hastened to the spot. The injured as they were got out were laid on mattresses in a field by the line, and first aid rendered. The remains of the dead, as they were removed, were laid there also with sheets over them, a motor-car serving as mortuary vehicle. As soon as possible after that the injured were taken to Carlisle for treatment, but several died on the way.

THE NEW "HORSE OF TROY"—OR DUN COW! THE TRANSPORT "RIVER CLYDE" BEACHED AT SEDDUL-BAHR.



"THE NOVEL EXPERIMENT OF RUNNING A LINER FULL OF TROOPS DELIBERATELY ASHORE": THE PENINSULA—SHOWING TROOPS COMING ALONG THE

The great expedition to the Dardanelles has recalled that other host which sailed from ancient Hellas over 3000 years ago against Troy, whose site lies not far from the Asiatic entrance to the Dardanelles. It was appropriate, therefore, that the stratagem of the Wooden Horse, which conveyed the Greek warriors into Troy, and brought about its fall, should provide a nickname for a British transport which has now become equally historic. The story is told by an official correspondent with the British forces. "We now come," he writes, "to the most terrible of all the landings, that on 'V' Beach, which took place between Cape Helles and Sedd-ul Bahr. . . . The landing on 'V' Beach will ever remain memorable for the novel experiment of running a liner full of troops deliberately ashore, and thus allowing them to approach close in under cover without being exposed. . . . Great doors were cut in her sides to allow of a rapid disembarkation, and wooden gangways, slung from ropes, sloped gradually down from these doors to her bow, so that men could pass down on both sides in single file. . . . Her bridge was made a citadel, with steel plates, and twelve Maxims . . . were placed in her bows and lower bridge, to sweep the shore when the troops disembarked. . . . The 'River Clyde'

SCENE AT "THE MOST TERRIBLE OF ALL THE LANDINGS," ON "V" BEACH OF THE GALLIOLI GANGWAY FROM THE DOORS CUT IN THE SHIP'S SIDE.

slowly steamed towards the shore. She was preceded by the usual eight tows of steam pinnaces and boats. . . . Those in the boats suffered terribly from a tempest of fire. . . . Meanwhile the 'River Clyde' had gone ashore further east than had been intended, bow on, close to a reef of rock. The water was too deep to allow of men leaping from her and wading. . . . A steam hopper was brought up and also run ashore, to provide a gangway. . . . But this was not sufficient, and it was necessary to drag a lighter to the far side of the hopper. . . . Some 200 men ran down the gangways, but were subjected to so fierce a fire that the landing was postponed till dark, when it was successfully accomplished. Battle-ships meantime bombarded Sedd-ul Bahr. "Throughout the entire day the 'River Clyde' lay ashore, with her 2000 men packed like sardines between her decks." A later message states: "The Turks on the Asiatic shore shell the beach almost every day. . . . The sight of the Ship of Troy, or 'River Clyde,' seems to excite the enemy's peculiar indignation, and they fire round after round at her, while the work of disembarkation proceeds." The nicknames given to the "River Clyde" have taken various other forms, including the Horse of Troy, the Iron Horse, and the Dun Cow.

WHERE ITALY AND AUSTRIA BEGAN FIGHTING: A NEW SEAT OF WAR.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



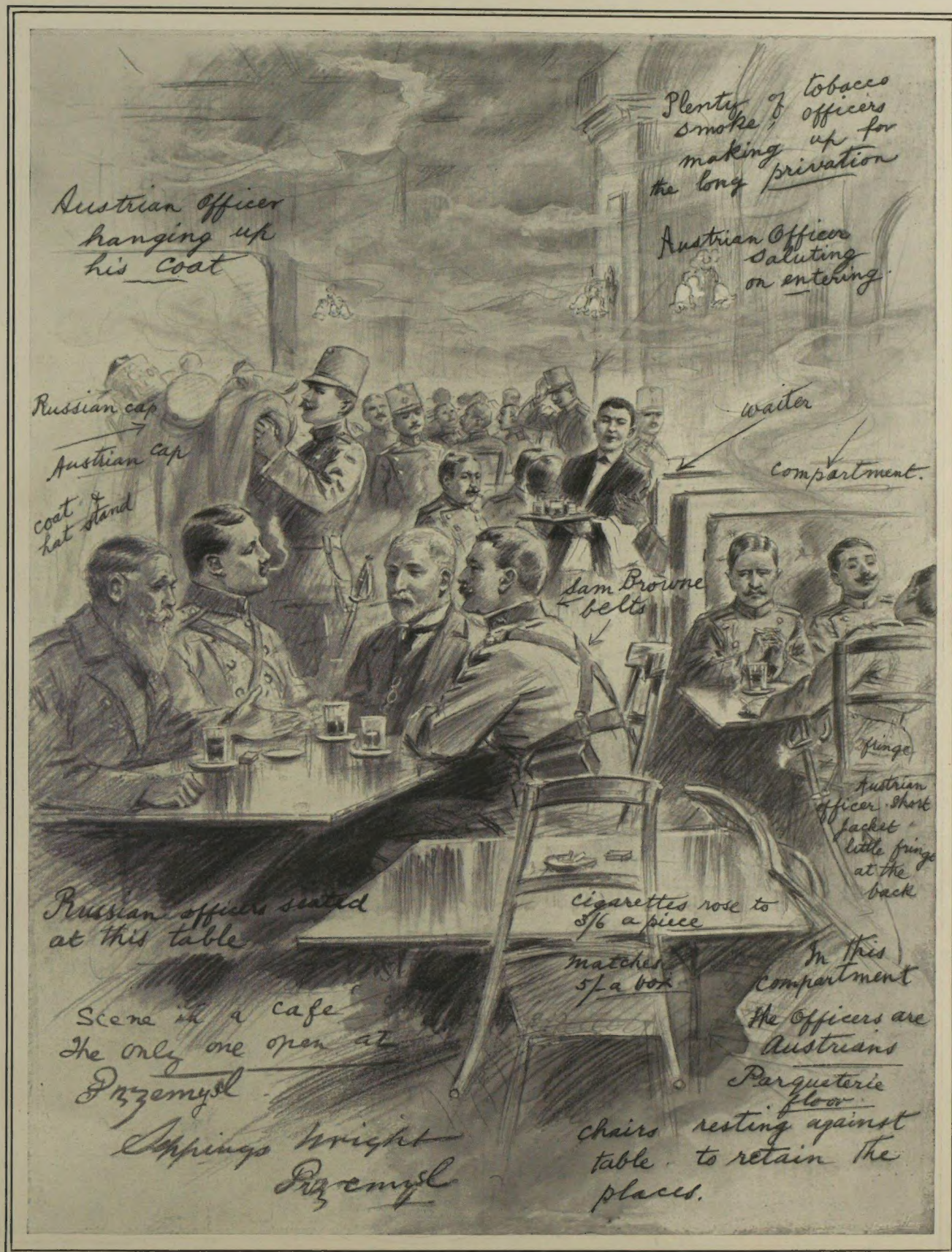
THE SCENE OF THE FIRST ACTIONS IN THE WAR BETWEEN ITALY AND AUSTRIA: THE NORTHERN END OF THE ADRIATIC AND THE AUSTRO-ITALIAN FRONTIER DISTRICTS.

The opening engagements of the new phase of the great European War, that between Italy and Austria, were described as follows in an official Italian *communiqué* issued at Rome: "Small naval units of the enemy, especially destroyers and torpedo-boats, between four and six o'clock on the 24th inst., fired upon our Adriatic coast, whilst at the same time aeroplanes attempted to attack the Arsenal at Venice. The enemy's ships, after a very short bombardment, were forced by our torpedo-boats to retire. The enemy's aeroplanes were bombarded by our anti-aircraft guns and attacked by our aeroplanes and by an airship flying over the Adriatic. The locality attacked was Porto

Corsini, which replied immediately and obliged the enemy to retreat at once. . . . At Barletta an attack was made by a scouting cruiser and destroyers. Our torpedo-boats put these to flight." Another *communiqué* of the same date stated: "At three o'clock this morning one of our destroyers entered Porto Buso, the little island close to the Austro-Italian frontier, and destroyed the quay and landing-stage. The destroyer sank all motor-boats in the harbour." Barletta, which does not come into the above-map, is on the coast of Bari, near the southern end of Italy, on the Adriatic side.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

IN THE SAME CAFÉ! RUSSIANS AND AUSTRIANS AT PRZEMYSL.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS.



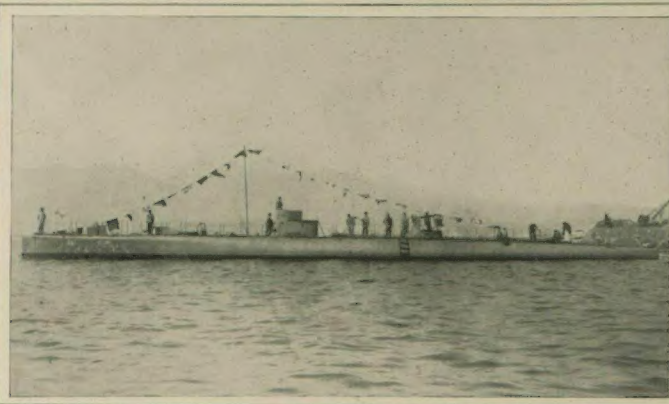
RUSSIAN OFFICERS AND AUSTRIAN OFFICERS TOGETHER—BUT NOT AT THE SAME TABLE—IN THE GREAT GALICIAN FORTRESS TAKEN BY RUSSIA: A REMARKABLE SCENE IN THE ONLY CAFÉ OPEN.

The fall of Przemyśl was marked by some curious and abnormal features. It came, apparently, as a relief to the Austrians almost as emphatically as it came as a big success to the Russians. Paradoxes and contrasts were the order of the day. The successful reducers of the fort were confronted with starving soldiers and plump, well-groomed officers, and the latter so soon showed a desire to fraternise, as it were, with their captors, that the swords which they had been compelled to relinquish were handed back to them, by order of the Grand Duke, Commanding-in-Chief. At night

the one café which was open was occupied by both Russian and Austrian officers, and with a group of the former (in the centre of the picture) our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings-Wright, is seen sitting. An Austrian officer looks out of a corner of his eye at the Russians at the table, and another wears a none too hospitable expression, but perhaps that may be attributed to the fact that cigarettes were 3s. 6d. each, and matches 5s. a box! No one would have imagined that the Austrians were captives, and the Russians captors.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE WORLD WILL SEE AN ITALIAN MIRACLE": ITALY AND THE GREAT WAR—LEADERS; SHIPS; OFFICERS; AND MEN.

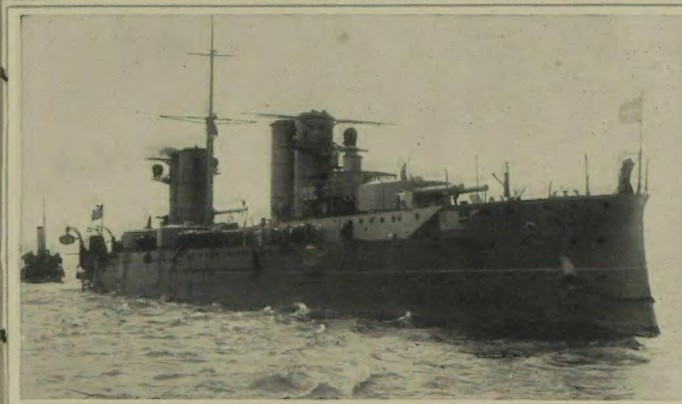
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR, RECORD PRESS, CRIEB, ROSSPORT AND GENERAL, GUIGONI AND BOSSI, STANLEY, AND C.N.



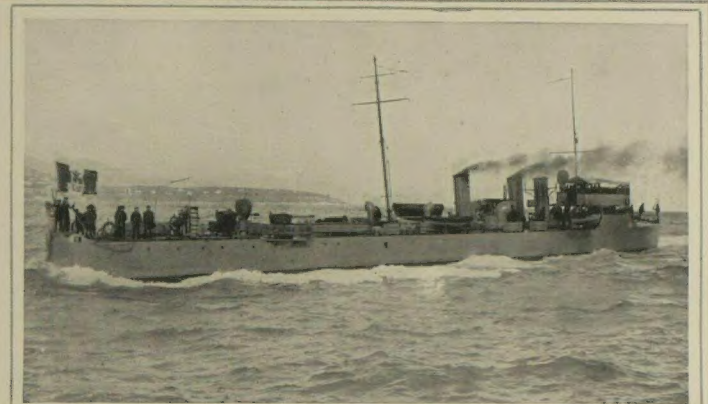
ONE OF NINETEEN: AN ITALIAN SUBMARINE.



ONE OF ITALY'S ELEVEN PRE-DREADNOUGHTS: THE "ROMA."



ONE OF ITALY'S TEN ARMoured CRUISERS: THE "SAN MARCO."



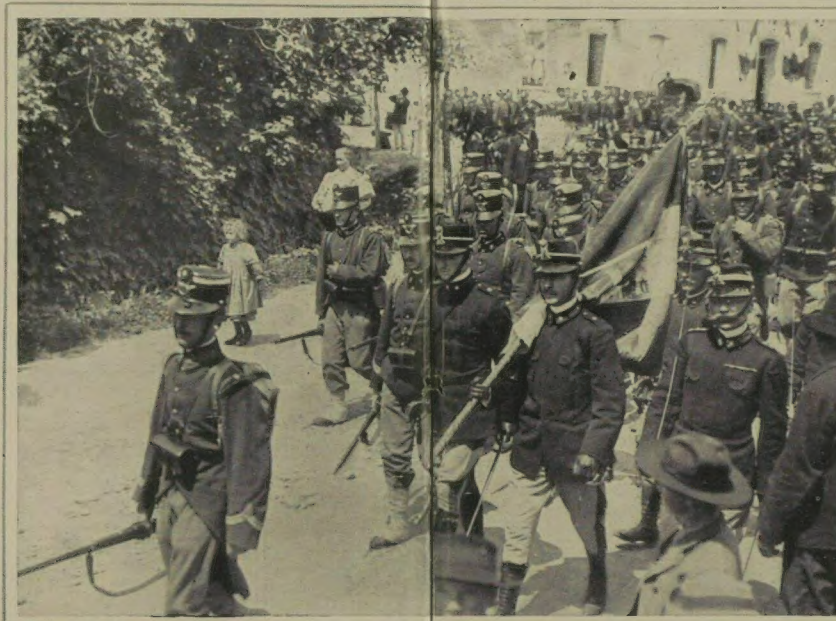
ONE OF ITALY'S THIRTY-THREE DESTROYERS: THE "GRANATIERE."

THE ITALIAN NAVY.

THE effective Italian Navy consists of six Dreadnoughts; eleven pre-Dreadnoughts; ten armoured cruisers; four fairly modern protected cruisers; thirty-three destroyers less than fifteen years of age, and ten more to be ready very soon, if not already completed; sixty-seven torpedo-boats; and nineteen submarines. As to the ships building, information cannot be given. The personnel consists of 1927 officers and 38,000 men. Both naval and military officers are attached indifferently to the aerial service. In the Mediterranean, Italy's naval strength is second only to that of France. The force proved its ability during the war with Turkey in 1911-12, not so much in fighting—for they had little to fight—but in conveying troops, bombarding coast towns, and so on.



VICTOR EMANUEL III, KING OF ITALY.



PART OF A FORCE WHOSE WAR-STRENGTH IS TWO MILLIONS: ITALIAN INFANTRY.



POET AND PATRIOT: SIGNOR GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

THE ITALIAN ARMY.

THE peace strength of the Italian Field Army in 1914 was 400,000. Italy's war strength is about two million men, half being first line, and half Territorials and Reserves. The arm of the Italian infantry is the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, a magazine weapon of 6.5 mm. calibre. The field artillery has been re-armed with the De Port gun and carriage; calibre, 7.5 cm. This gun, which is of a French pattern, is described as an improvement on the world-famous French "75." Instead of having the ordinary single-trail gun-carriage, the De Port has two trails which are hinged, and can be driven into the ground so that they form a wide V, anchoring the carriage with exceptional steadiness. In addition, Italy has a number of 3-inch Krupps, 16-inch howitzers from her own works, and other guns.



AN ITALIAN INFANTRYMAN.



ITALY'S NAVAL CHIEF: THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI.



MEN OF A VERY EFFICIENT FORCE: ITALIAN SAILORS.



ITALY'S MINISTER OF MARINE: ADMIRAL VIALE.



AN ITALIAN INFANTRY OFFICER.

On Thursday, May 20, the Italian Chamber adopted, by 407 votes to 74, a Bill asking for full powers for the Government and the authorisation, in the event of war, to take steps which shall be regarded as laws, if necessary, for the defence of the State. In his speech, Signor Salandra said: "The Royal Government found itself forced to notify the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Government on May 4 of its withdrawal from all agreements, and to denounce the Treaty of Alliance, and to declare its liberty of action. . . . Without boasting of pride, but with a solemn understanding of the responsibility which we incur at this moment, we are conscious of having provided for what was demanded by the most noble aspirations and the most vital interests of the country."—Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio, the world-famous Italian poet, whose portrait is included in the illustrations given above,

has been an ardent Interventionist from the earliest stages. Telegraphing to a French paper last week, he said: "The battle is won. I have just been speaking from the Capitol to an immense crowd swaying with enthusiasm. The tocsin is sounded. The cries of the multitude fill the most beautiful skies in the heavens. I am mad with joy. The miracle of the French regeneration will be repeated. The world will see an Italian miracle." At about the same time the poet was received by the King of Italy, who greeted him personally at the gate of the Villa Ada. The interview lasted an hour, and the King, it is said, praised the poet's patriotism. Signor d'Annunzio was present in one of the galleries of the Italian Chamber of Deputies at the historic meeting on May 20, and his appearance was greeted with loud applause both by Deputies and spectators.

THE REGIMENTAL OFFICER: GIANT OF THE MODERN BATTLE-FRONT.

OF all the wars that have ever been fought, none has brought the regimental officer so much to the front as our campaign against the Germans. This may seem an odd remark when it is considered that all campaigns are fought by regimental officers and men, but the truth of the statement lies in the fact that the peculiarities of this trench war have discounted much of the Staff work in the field.

It should be explained that trench-warfare curtails the activities of the General Staff Officer; and when forces are only a few yards apart the strategic brain has little to do, and even the tactical mind is correspondingly less active. It must not be inferred from this that the Staff have nothing to do, for they have very grave and important duties: but in a period when movement of troops in the field has practically ceased, the opportunities for strategical and tactical activities are limited.

Trench-warfare is a cast-back to the primitive, although it is regarded generally as a new phase of

beaten or to retire even under orders, down to the soldiers' battle fought by the 2nd Worcestershire, and the more recent work, the regiments have stood up to be shattered, but never broken; have re-formed and turned certain defeat into victory; and have laid down lives in hundreds, and in some cases the lives of all the officers, in the course of the finest regimental work ever known in the annals of the British or any other army.

No doubt the time will come when this great work of the regimental officers will be recognised. At present the lists do not show any adequate tendency towards this desirable recognition, and the proportion of men rewarded or mentioned is regarded by those qualified to judge as not sufficiently comprehensive.

Herein arises the old controversy of the Staff versus the regimental officers. In the present campaign the Staff has been rewarded for good work well performed; but for those whose work is not done in the limelight of the Staff Headquarters, and whose lives are risked more than those of the Staff, it is to be hoped that there will be some thousands of additional honours issued to those regiments which Sir John French, Sir Douglas Haig, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, Sir William Pulteney, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir James Willcocks, and others have referred to as unparalleled in courage and achievement.

At Neuve Chapelle there were regiments whose every member ought to be decorated; and, to take only one case, this is what the Indian Commander said on March 26: "With magnificent glory you fought against odds over ground of the greatest difficulty, ground which I have since visited and examined, and I know that it was country over which only the finest troops could have advanced. There is no position which the Highland Light Infantry cannot capture—or, at least, is not prepared to shed their blood in the attempt. Once more, I wish to thank you all for your splendid conduct throughout those days. It is an honour to have such a battalion under my command. One more word—I have just received the list of recommendations for awards, and I have read with pride the report of your Brigadier. All of you cannot be rewarded. Many an act of bravery must remain for ever unknown; but I hope that by granting the full number of awards sent forward you will be shown to what extent your gallantry is realised by the Government at home."

The Staff will look after its own kind—and it, too, will look after the regimental officer in forwarding names for recognition; but at the last arbitrament there is always a tendency at home to regard the Staff as the soul and brain, and the regiments as the mere instruments of performance. Let us hope that the proportion will not be left disproportionate in this war, and that the regimental officer whose work has made the present campaign successful will have the proportion of mentions and rewards which in this war are due to him. Much has already been done, but the selection of one or two or three names of officers per unit does not cover the whole field of merit, and the proportion of regimental recognitions is too small.

There is always a tendency for the Staff to establish itself as a separate caste of officer, and it is against this tendency that our military chiefs cause Staff officers to return to duty periodically in order that they may not lose touch with troops. In framing his regulations for the Indian General Staff, Lord Kitchener laid down this point, and the need for there existing no class distinction between the Staff officer and the regimental officer. The tendency is to reward all Staff officers who do well as being the brain of the army, and this is very right and proper. But in a war like the present, where the regimental man has done so extraordinarily well and borne the burden of the day to such a great extent, it would not be too

much to give every regimental officer who has done well some tangible token of appreciation of the fact. It is difficult to devise a scheme whereby everyone will be rewarded according to merit, but it ought to be remembered how terrible is the proportion of officers killed to whom no honours are possible, and it is the survivors whom we must look to.

This is but a small plea for the officer whose daily risks are so great and who has been so magnificent



A HEAVILY WEIGHTED BRITISH SOLDIER: ONE OF THE RANGERS WITH THE LOAD HE HAS TO CARRY WHEN GOING FROM ONE BILLET TO ANOTHER.

"The great-coat," writes our correspondent, "is cut short to avoid weight of mud when in trenches. Gum-boots for trench wear carried over pack. This is not exaggerated, and may often be seen here."

Facsimile Sketch by a Member of the Expeditionary Force.



IN A FARM KITCHEN "SOMEWHERE" NEAR THE FRONT: A WOMAN OF THE COUNTRY SERVING MEN OF THE RANGERS (12TH BATT. LONDON REGIMENT) WITH HOT COFFEE AND HOT MILK.

The correspondent who sends us these sketches writes of this one: "The people are very good to us here. We are usually billeted in barns belonging to these farms in rest periods."

Facsimile Sketch by a Member of the Expeditionary Force.

modern warfare as now applied. We have, in fact, come back to the old days when armies camped opposite to each other, and made their dispositions for battle within sight of each other's outposts. The destructive modern implements of warfare have necessitated us going underground, and that is about the only difference that there is, excepting, of course, that nowadays battle is not joined, and the positions are occupied more or less permanently as a tactical necessity.

In the old days, the strategic mind of the Commander-in-Chief was about all the Staff brain that existed on the field; and having conceived his plan of action, his captains translated it into action with their tactical movements. So it is in the trench-warfare, where it is only the higher Staff brain that is actively at work; and in the trench-line, where day follows day in the same routine, it is the Brigadier, with his small Staff intimately and constantly in touch with the regiments, and the regiments themselves who shoulder the heavy responsibilities in fighting this battle of positions in the western theatre of operations.

Never have regiments been called upon for such sacrifice, and never has there been such demand upon the courage, intelligence, and resource of the regimental officers. If a trench has been held, lost, or gained, theirs has been the praise or blame. The units have had to face a more deadly fire than any troops have stood under since the world began, and the salvation of our arms has been wholly dependent upon the soundness of the regimental ranks, and not upon anything else under the sun; for since the great retreat, when Smith-Dorrien's men refused to be



WORKING UNDER FIRE AND BY THE LIGHT OF GERMAN STAR-SHELLS: MEN OF THE RANGERS CARRYING SACKS OF BRICKS FOR FOUNDATIONS OF A ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.

Facsimile Sketch by a Member of the Expeditionary Force.

which has done so well for the nation since war began will not, perhaps, be lost; and that the Cabinet's fine record will include a full recognition of what has been done every day by the squadrons, batteries, and companies who have faced the greatest hell of fire ever known in war since the creation of man.

AMONG ITALY'S TWO MILLION SOLDIERS: CAVALRY AND BERSAGLIERI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RECORD PRESS AND ST. STEPHEN'S BUREAU.



A BRANCH OF THE ITALIAN FORCES WHOSE OFFICERS ARE FAMOUS FOR THEIR HORSEMANSHIP: THE CAVALRY—A CHARGE BY THE SALUZZO REGIMENT.



MEN OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS ITALIAN LIGHT INFANTRY RIFLEMEN: BERSAGLIERI ON THE MARCH.

The total war-strength of the Italian Army has been estimated, on the basis of statistics published in Italy last year, at over 3,159,000, including more than 1,200,000 fully trained men, and about 800,000 partially trained. The rest are untrained. The immediate fighting-strength, therefore, might be put at two million. Besides the active Army and its officers, there are the Reserve, the Mobile Militia, and the Territorial Militia. The infantry are armed with the Mannlicher-Carcano magazine-rifle, and the Territorial Militia with the Vetterli rifle.—Among the finest Italian troops are the

famous Bersaglieri, or riflemen, who are distinguished by their broad-brimmed hats with large flowing plumes. A regiment of Bersaglieri consists of three battalions of infantry and one battalion of cyclists, who are intended to supplement the cavalry in the field. One regiment of Bersaglieri is included in each Army Corps, and also one regiment of cavalry. The officers of the Italian cavalry, it may be mentioned, are particularly fine riders, and their representatives have always distinguished themselves by their display of horsemanship at our military tournaments.

FIGHTING IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PRZEMYSL:

DRAWN BY ALBERT BASTIEN FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS.



NEAR THE GREAT GALICIAN FORTRESS WHICH WAS CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS AFTER CAPTURING A VILLAGE FROM THE

In his notes on the sketch from which this drawing was made, Mr. Seppings-Wright points out that the Russian troops are seen advancing among the cottages on the left of the picture, or firing from behind a temporary breastwork of faggots. Small groups of men, a little further ahead, are firing from various points of vantage on the Austrians who are seen retreating from houses at the far end of the road in the background on the right. On the road in the foreground is a Russian soldier taking cover behind a fallen horse, and another, to the right of him, slightly wounded. Just in front of him is a desolate country wagon of a peculiar type, with a body made of basket-work and resembling rather a large old-fashioned clothesbasket or wadding. It has curious stags or supports attached to the hubs of the wheels. A little further up the road an Austrian shell is bursting, and by the roadside is a wrecked gun-limber and a litter of broken wheels, arms, and accoutrements. This village fight was an incident during the operations near Przemyśl, the great Austrian stronghold

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS.

WEIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES IN GALICIA.



A LONG SIEGE AND MENACED BY THE NEW AUSTRO-GERMAN MOVEMENT: RUSSIAN TROOPS AUSTRIANS IN THE PRZEMYSL DISTRICT.

in Galicia which the Russians captured. Since the beginning of May the new Austro-German advance in Galicia has caused the Russians to give ground, and the enemy is said to be approaching Przemyśl from several directions. A Russian official communication of May 20 said: "The great hostile forces which crossed the Dan, after an obstinate fight, have succeeded in spreading over the entire Jaroslavl-Bukovina-Galicia. . . . In the region between Jaroslavl and Przemyśl we pressed the enemy somewhat on both banks of the Dan. Detachments of enemy aeroplanes threw bombs on Przemyśl, against which the enemy attempted no other action. To the south of Przemyśl the attacks of the enemy were conducted with particular intensity in the sector Lemberg-Jaroslavl-Sancti Spiritus, where the enemy succeeded, at the cost of enormous sacrifices, in capturing several of our advanced detachments." Lemberg is fifteen miles south-east of Przemyśl, and the River Styr is further to the south-east. Jaroslavl is about fifteen miles north of Przemyśl; both are on the San. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

FERMENTING-VATS AS BATH-TUBS: BATHING AS PART OF A REST-CURE SYSTEM AT THE FRONT.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



HOT BATHS IN A BREWERY, UNDER FIRE: AFTER-TRENCH WORK ABLUTIONS WITHIN REACH OF THE ENEMY'S SHELLS.

"The measures taken to ensure personal cleanliness, which is so essential for health of body and mind, are manifold." So "Eye-Witness" writes, proceeding to describe various arrangements that have been made. "In each divisional area certain large buildings of various kinds, such as breweries, dye-works, spinning-mills, have been fitted out as bathing-establishments. . . . The facilities for ablution are now so ample that the majority of the men are able to have a hot bath, to draw a complete set of clean underclothing, and have their uniforms disinfected every few days." The buildings used as bathing-establishments are in the immediate neighbourhood of the "rest-dépôts" of which, we are told, there are now a number in daily use behind the front lines. So near the enemy, indeed, has it been found possible to fit up these, that, in the

case of the brewery shown in our illustration, in employment as a bath-house with its huge fermenting-vats serving as the men's tubs, the bathers are all the time actually under fire, for German shells continually drop in the immediate vicinity of the buildings. The hot-bath treatment for men coming off duty has been in use at the front all through the winter, and has proved remarkably beneficial in preserving the men's general health. The bath forms the initial stage in the rest-cure system adopted to give the troops on relief from the trenches a spell to recuperate before their turn in the fighting line comes round again, ensuring "bodily and mental rest with the result that they generally are fit to return to duty in a comparatively short time."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

THE MOST DISCUSSED OF ALL THE OPERATIONS OF THE

GREAT WAR: THE ATTACK ON THE DARDANELLES.



ALMOST AS AT A REVIEW: THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" IN THE DARDANELLES AT THE PERIOD



DURING WHICH SHE BOMBARDED FORTS ON CAPE HELLES, COVERING THE ADVANCE OF OUR TROOPS.



TOWED IN UNDER PROTECTION OF THE FLEET'S FIRE: A LANDING PARTY GOING TO REINFORCE THE AUSTRALIANS, NEAR GABA TEPE.



ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK IN THE OPEN: PART OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE MOVING ACROSS A RIDGE NEAR CAPE HELLES.

Every war-ship, British and French, engaged in the attack on the Dardanelles, has borne its part well in the bombardment of the forts and defences, and in supporting the troops fighting on shore, but the "star turn" in the great drama has undoubtedly been that of the "Queen Elizabeth," whose tremendous battery of 15-inch guns can hurl at each salvo practically seven tons of shells. From first to last—"Big Lizzie," as the men in the Fleet call the ship, has played a peculiarly prominent and indispensable part in the Allied attack. In the opening shelling of the barrier-forts at either side of the entrance to the Straits, she destroyed one Turkish battery single-handed. After that, firing at from ten to twelve miles' range, right across the hills of the Gallipoli Peninsula, from the Gulf of Saros, the "Queen Elizabeth" shelled the forts of the Narrows, blowing one fort up. On other days she bombarded the principal Turkish forts on

the Narrows from within the Straits, on one occasion, as has been described, "chaperoning" a squadron of the older battle-ships while they were in action. At the time of the landing of the Army, and in the subsequent fighting, the "Queen Elizabeth" rendered invaluable help with her giant 1950-lb. projectiles, both in covering the boats from the transports, and the disembarkation on the open beach where possible, and in shelling the enemy's entrenched positions inland. In the lower left-hand illustration some of the boats carrying landing-parties are seen near Gaba Tepe being towed in, protected by the fire of battle-ships and cruisers, to reinforce the Australians, who were being hard pressed to maintain the foothold they had so heroically won on the fringe of the steep hillsides along the shore. In the right-hand lower illustration part of the Naval Brigade are seen advancing to the attack in the open across a ridge near Cape Helles.

THE HEROIC GALLIPOLI LANDINGS: TRANSPORTS AND CAPTURED GUNS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., AND ALFRED



OFFICERS ON A TRANSPORT WATCHING A BOMBARDMENT



AFTER THE LANDING AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA: ALLIED TROOPS AT THE WRECKED LIGHTHOUSE ON CAPE HELLES



"DISMISS" AFTER A SERVICE ON BOARD A TRANSPORT.



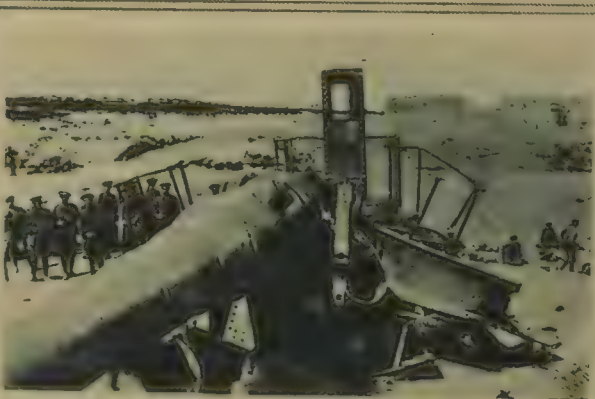
DISPLACED, AND ITS MOUNTINGS DAMAGED, BY THE ALLIES' GUN-FIRE: A CAPTURED TURKISH HEAVY GUN AT SEDD-UL BAHR, AND A RUINED MONASTERY.



WHERE MACHINE-GUNS IN THE TOWERS CHECKED THE BRITISH: THE INTERIOR OF THE OLD CASTLE OF SEDD-UL BAHR, WITH A SHATTERED GUN-CARRIAGE.



AFTER "THE MOST TERRIBLE OF ALL THE LANDINGS" ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA: SOLDIERS OF THE ALLIES ON A TURKISH GUN AT CAPE HELLES.



KNOCKED OUT AND ITS EMPLACEMENT BADLY SHATTERED BY OUR GUNS: ONE OF TWO BIG TURKISH GUNS AT CAPE HELLES CAPTURED BY THE ALLIES.

"It is only by visiting the ground," writes an official correspondent of the landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula, "that you can realise what a wonderful feat of arms was accomplished there on that historic Sunday, April 25. We now come to the most terrible of all the landings, which took place between Cape Helles and Sedd-ul Bahr. . . . The work on the left is a solid one, which has stood the bursting of innumerable shells very well. The two great guns mounted there have been knocked out, and their emplacements badly shattered, but the bomb-proof and ammunition-chambers remain intact. . . . On the right, the picturesque old Castle of Sedd-ul Bahr fronts the Straits,

now sadly battered about by our shells, but nevertheless still presenting a solid mass of masonry in which sharpshooters and guns could lie concealed. . . . The attack was held up by machine-guns placed in one of the towers of the Castle, and our men had again to take cover while the 'Cornwallis' demolished it with her guns. . . . The ruins of Sedd-ul Bahr present an amazing spectacle. The Castle, forts, and village are now little but a jumble of crushed masonry. The guns in the forts lie smashed into huge pieces of steel, and have been thrown by the force of the explosions several yards. . . . The old towers of the Castle are partly standing, although riddled by huge shells."

DARDANELLES HEROES: AUSTRALIANS; AND A TRANSPORT'S RESCUER.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 3 BY ALFIERI; NO. 2 BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



MEN WHO DISPLAYED MAGNIFICENT HEROISM IN THEIR LANDING ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA:
AUSTRALIANS IN CAMP.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A BRITISH WAR-SHIP WHICH TOOK PART IN RESCUING A TRANSPORT FROM TURKISH DESTROYERS:
H.M.S. "———" AT THE DARDANELLES.



PREPARING TO EMBARK ON THE LAST STAGE OF THEIR VOYAGE TO THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA: SOME OF THE AUSTRALIAN TROOPS
WHOSE LANDING THERE WAS A SPLENDID FEAT OF ARMS.

The resource and courage of the Australian Contingent in the Dardanelles have been urgently called for, and the reply has been magnificent. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has said in one of his vivid messages, describing the start of the great fleet of war-ships and transports from Lemnos towards Gallipoli: "At about five o'clock in the afternoon (of April 23) the first of the transports slowly made its way through the maze of shipping towards the entrance of Mudros Bay. . . . No more inspiring spectacle has ever been seen than this great expedition setting forth for better or for worse." Of the landing of

the Australians and New Zealanders at Gaba Tepe, he writes: "No finer feat of arms has been performed during the war than this sudden landing in the dark, this storming of the heights; and, above all, the holding on to the position." Apropos to our second illustration, the Admiralty announced on April 17: "The transport 'Manitou' . . . was attacked by a Turkish torpedo-boat in the Ægean this morning. The Turkish boat fired three torpedoes, all of which missed. The torpedo-boat then made off, chased by a British cruiser and destroyers, and was run ashore and destroyed on the coast of Chios."

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, MADIE AND FOX, CHANCELLOR, BASSANO, ELLIOTT AND FRY, BACON, RUSSELL, DOWNY, LYD SAWYER, LANGFIER, SPEIGHT, VANDYK, ILLINGWORTH, HEATH, WESTON, AND BIRKETT.



Our portraits this week include that of Lieut.-Col. James Clark, K.C., C.B., D.L., a cousin of Lady Dixon, Hillsborough Castle, Co. Down. Capt. G. E. Hunter and Capt. H. T. Hunter were the elder and younger sons of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hunter, Wenyworth, Gosforth, and were killed in the same action near Ypres. Capt. Arthur Reginald French, Lord de Freyne, was the fifth Baron, and was born in 1879. 2nd Lieut. Frank Ricard, M.A., LL.B., was a barrister of the Inner Temple. 2nd Lieut. G. W. V. Hopley was the second son of the Hon. W. M. Hopley, Judge in Southern Rhodesia, of Tenterden, Wynberg, Cape Colony. 2nd Lieut.

A. C. T. Garnet-Botfield was a well-known oarsman at Cambridge, and in 1913-14 stroked his boat in the 'Varsity Trial Eights. Capt. the Hon. Eric E. M. J. Upton was the eldest son of Viscount Templetown. His younger brother is the Hon. Henry A. G. M. H. Upton, who is a Lieutenant in the Royal East Kent Yeomanry. 2nd Lieut. R. A. Lloyd was the famous Rugby footballer, and had captained many Irish teams in international matches. Capt. George Ward Hunt was a grandson of the late Right Hon. George Ward Hunt, P.C. 2nd Lieut. K. K. C. Woodroffe was a well-known Cambridge cricketer and played last year

(Continued opposite)

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

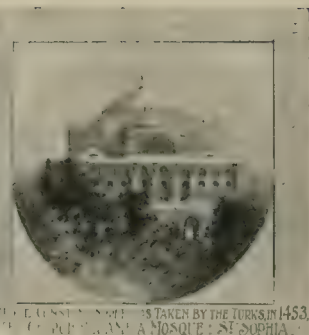
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BACON, LAFAYETTE, HARNETT, SPEARIGHT, CHANCELLOR, SPORT AND GENERAL, WESTON, THOMSON, SARONY, LANGFIRE, SWAINE, PHOTOPRESS, ROSEMONT, BASSANO, HILLS AND SAUNDERS, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



Continued.

as a fast bowler against Oxford. Lieut. R. W. Poulton-Palmer was England's famous Rugby captain. He assumed the surname of Palmer on succeeding to the estate of his uncle, the late Right Hon. G. W. Palmer, and was a son of Professor Poulton, of Oxford. Lord Spencer Compton was the only brother of the Marquess of Northampton, and was just twenty-two. 2nd Lieut. R. H. P. Howard was the second son of Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal. 2nd Lieut. the Hon. Henry Ralph Hardinge was the eldest son of Viscount Hardinge, Viceroy of India, and was born in 1895. Lieut. the Hon. Colwyn Philipps was

the eldest son of Lord St. Davids and was born in 1888. Sub-Lieut. Brian T. R. Melland was the son of Dr. Brian Melland, of Altrincham, and a nephew of the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith. 2nd Lieut. H. C. Pecker was the third son of Major George Pecker, who is at the front with the 5th Border Regiment. Lieut. T. L. Loder-Symonds was captain of Association football at Sandhurst, and was the younger son of Capt. and Mrs. Loder-Symonds, of Hinton Manor, Faringdon. 2nd Lieut. Sir Roland James Corbet was the fifth Baronet. He was born in 1892, and succeeded his father in 1910.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WAR: AGAINST BARBARIANS AND—FLIES!

THAT the coming summer is fraught with anxiety for us all there can be no question. For we are at war, on the one hand against barbarians, and on the other against—flies! How ridiculous this seems, at first sight, this talk of war against flies! Nevertheless, unless we bestir ourselves, these apparently feeble creatures will slay more than shell and shrapnel among our countrymen who are fighting for us, and more than Zeppelin raids and furtive bombardments at home.

To mitigate, and if possible prevent, the havoc these pests may cause, the War Office has already appointed a staff of experts at the front. Among them is Captain E. E. Austen, of the British Museum of Natural History, who went out at the beginning of hostilities as a combatant. From his great knowledge of this subject he has now been directed to devote his whole energies to the elaboration of precautionary measures devised to avert what might else prove a devastating scourge. At home, the British Museum and the Zoological Society are doing their best to arouse the general public to a sense of the danger which threatens us in the immediate future much more than in times of peace. The flies more especially to be dreaded are the house-flies—of which there are two species—and the "blue-bottle." All alike are, unfortunately, omnivorous, and will pass from a meal of the most disgusting filth straight to the larder or to the dinner-table, bearing with them a most varied assortment of organisms, harmful and otherwise, as will presently be shown.

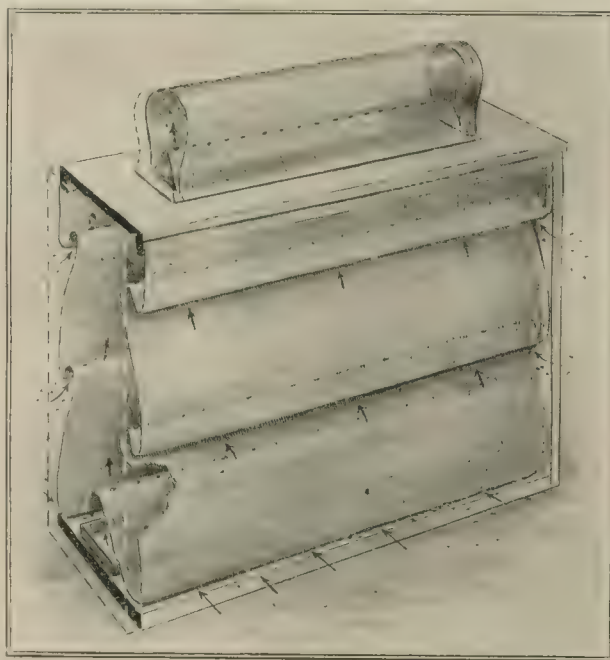
In the Central Hall of the British Museum a small case has been prepared by Dr. W. G. Ridewood, in which are displayed modelled fruit, meat, and bread, a jug of milk, and a heap of kitchen-refuse, all of which are covered with flies, in a most realistic manner; while labels and diagrams complete the lesson. At the Zoological Gardens Professor Lefroy is exhibiting living flies and their larvæ, as well as specimens preserved in spirit. These are supplemented by specimens of the refuse sought by flies as a nidus for their eggs. To these he has added wall-

diagrams, and lantern-slides arranged as transparencies, to show the distinctive characters of the several species and the essential features of their anatomy. Having assimilated these details, the visitor is invited to inspect the various methods of trapping and killing flies, or of expelling them. This, indeed, forms the most important part of the exhibition, and all who are within reach of the Gardens should take the earliest opportunity of inspecting it, not merely out of curiosity, but for their own well-being, for this is as the brazen serpent in the wilderness.

the house may readily be killed by dividing a teacupful of water containing a spoonful of Formalin between two saucers, in the centre of each of which a piece of bread sprinkled with sugar has been placed. A little milk may with advantage be mixed with the water. All other liquid from which flies could drink should, of course, be removed. At all times all food and drink should be kept under gauze or other fly-proof covers.

Some may express surprise at this sudden hostility against the house-fly, which has commonly been held up as the pattern of harmlessness—hence the phrase, "He wouldn't hurt a fly." All this has changed. We now realise that it is the bounden duty of everyone to kill every fly that comes within reach. This crusade is only now gathering strength, but it began some ten years ago, when it became plain to those whose business it is to study such matters that in the house-fly we had one of our deadliest enemies, for as a disease-distributor it has few rivals, and this owing to its disgusting impartiality in its choice of food, which it shares with the ubiquitous blow-fly. Cholera, plague, tuberculosis, anthrax, summer diarrhoea, typhoid, myasis, and parasitic worms are largely spread by their agency. These germs are taken up from human excrement, in part by the feet and hairs of the body, and in part in the form of food. Flying with this filth upon them, they may alight next on the breakfast table and deposit in the sugar-basin or the milk-jug the seeds of further outbreaks, the germs being either swept off the body or deposited by regurgitation or in the form of excrement. Flies are also the carriers of cheese-mites, and the curious little creatures known as "False-scorpions," as well as of a quite formidable array of bacteria and fungi.

In the short space afforded me in this column it is impossible to deal adequately with this vitally important matter of the danger of what Ecclesiastes refers to as "the fly in the ointment," and hence I may, if my readers desire it, return again to this subject: for, though unpleasant, it is of the utmost importance that it should be considered by every member of the community, and especially this year, when, in spite of every precaution, flies bearing deadly diseases may be brought over in hospital-ships from the front.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE FLY AS CARRIER OF DISEASE GERMS: A PRACTICAL TRAP SHOWN AT THE ANTI-FLY-PEST EXHIBITION AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

In view of the approaching summer and the prevailing war-conditions, public attention is urgently directed to the necessity of taking special measures in every home to exterminate the flies which are the principal carriers of infection and disease germs. As an aid, a special exhibition of fly-traps for hospitals, shops, living-rooms, and kitchens has been opened at the Zoological Gardens, demonstrations being also given of methods of dealing with the fly pest at manure-heaps and garden forcing-frames. One practical form of trap is shown above. The end board to the left (indicated by dotted lines) has been removed in the diagram to show the interior arrangement. Flies are attracted by bait in the long tray on the floor of the trap, one end of which is visible. The arrows in front and at the back along the folds show where the flies enter and pass upward, through holes, into the larger enclosed space, and thence, through the uppermost row of holes, into the smaller top compartment. That is detachable, and can be removed and immersed in boiling water, destroying the flies.

For the sake of those who may live too far away to see these things for themselves, an outline of the methods to be adopted in this warfare may be acceptable. In the first place, then, since prevention is better than cure, all stable and kitchen refuse should be kept as far as possible from the house, and should, further, be kept in bins inaccessible to flies. As a further precaution, the contents of such bins should be sprinkled liberally with paraffin and water. Such of these pests as manage to gain access to



THE PERIL OF THE HOUSE-FLY PEST: THE GENITES, OR LARVÆ, WHICH BECOME PUPÆ, OR COCOONS.

These have been hatched by natural heat from the eggs laid in myriads by flies in early spring.—[Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.]



THE PERIL OF THE HOUSE-FLY PEST: THE PUPÆ, OR COCOONS, WHICH BECOME TRANSFORMED INTO FLIES.

These represent the penultimate stage in the process of fly-generation. The flies emerge thence and swarm in the air.—[Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.]

Barley Water

as a Summer Drink is deservedly popular but is often badly prepared. It should be made from

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

Recipe by a Famous Chef (Mr. H. HAMMOND, M.C.A.,
Chef de Cuisine, Thatched House Club)—

Put the outside peel of two lemons into two quarts of water, add eight lumps of sugar and boil for ten minutes. To this add two dessert-spoonfuls of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, previously mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Continue to boil for five minutes and allow to cool. When cold strain off through fine muslin and add ice and lemon juice to taste.

Pearl Barley should on no account be used as a substitute, as, to give it a better appearance, it is frequently adulterated with French Chalk, which is most injurious to the system.

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THE TEE BURBERRY

One of Burberrys' happiest inspirations for ensuring freedom, protection and comfort.

The shoulders and sleeves are in one piece, with no seam over the top.

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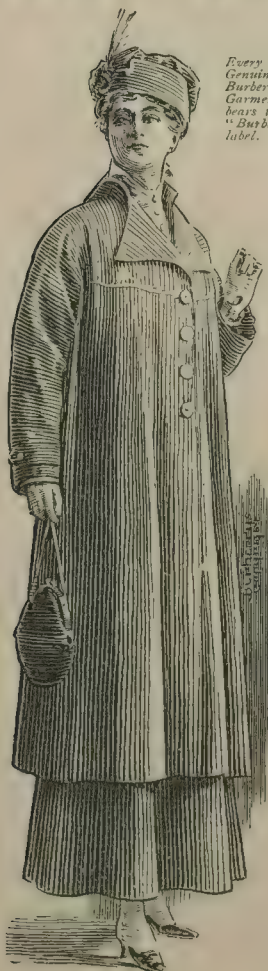
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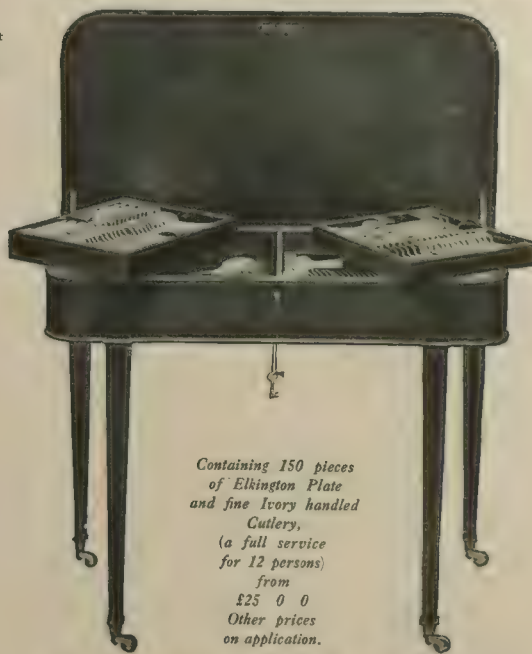
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated June 3, 1914) of COLONEL THE HON. EVERARD CHARLES DIGBY, late Grenadier Guards, of 27 Mansfield Street, W., and Buckshaw House, Sherborne, Dorset, who died on Jan. 26, is proved by Lady Emily L. A. Digby, the widow, and Almarus E. H. Digby, son, the value of the estate being £38,550 6s. 11d. Testator gives £1000 to his daughter Theresa Emily Margery Hood; £15,000 in trust for his son Giles Stephen Fitzmaurice Digby; and the household effects in London and the live and dead stock at Buckshaw to his son Almarus. The Buckshaw House estate he settles on his wife for life, with remainder to his son Almarus and his issue. The residue of the property goes to his son Almarus.

The will (dated March 14, 1907) of Mr. CUTHBERT BAINBRIDGE, of Lower Cheam House, Sutton, Surrey, who died on Feb. 13, is proved by Charles Arthur Bainbridge Prest, the value of the estate being £117,260. Subject to legacies of £100 each to the executor and his gardener, Thomas Bond, all the property is to be held in trust for his three sisters, Charlotte Elizabeth Sugden, Selina Mary Martin, and Caroline Bainbridge Martin.

The will and codicil of Mr. FREDERICK SEBAND HEMPLEMAN, of 39, Brunswick Terrace, Hove, who died on April 12, have been proved, and the value of the property sworn at £105,153 6s. 6d. Testator gives £500 a year to his wife; £50 each to the executors; and the residue in trust for his daughter for life, with absolute power of appointment thereafter.

The will of Mr. WILLIAM HORSFALL GREENWOOD, of Summerfield, Idle, Bradford, is proved by his daughters Mabel Greenwood and Ellen Ida Greenwood, the value of the property being £179,922 9s. 4d. He bequeathed the whole of the property to his wife, who predeceased him. His two daughters are the only next of kin.

The will (dated May 19, 1910), with a codicil, of COLONEL SIR ALFRED P. F. C. SOMERSET, K.C.B., of Enfield Chase, Enfield, who died on March 26, is proved by Colonel Henry P. Bowles and Arthur W. FitzRoy Somerset, the value of the estate amounting to £87,305. Subject to a legacy of £100 to his niece Juliana W. Lyon, the testator leaves all the property to his wife for life, and then for his daughter Gwendolin and her issue.

The will of COLONEL HARRY VANE RUSSELL, of Newton House, Bedale, Yorks, who died on Aug. 25, is proved, and the value of the estate sworn at £126,562. Subject to the life interest of his wife in certain settled funds, he appoints £60,000 or £50,000, as the case may be, to follow the trusts of his real estate, and the remainder of such funds to his younger children. The Newton House estate and the advowson of Burneston, Yorks, he leaves in trust for his wife during widowhood, with remainder to his eldest son. He gives £1000 to his wife; £500 each to the executors; £300 to Charles A. Swainson; £500 to Henry Shadforth; legacies to servants; and the residue to his wife during widowhood, and then as she may appoint to his children.



A NEW GREAT HOTEL: THE REGENT PALACE.

War or no war, the world must live, and such admirable establishments as that new and vast venture in big hotels run on popular terms, the Regent Palace Hotel, adjoining Piccadilly Circus, is assured in advance of instant and enduring success. Its situation is in the very heart of fashionable and shopping London, its accommodation enormous, its appointments charming, and its prices essentially "popular." The new hotel is palatial outside and luxurious within, and has accommodation for over a thousand resident visitors. Theatres, railway termini, parks, picture-galleries, theatres, and places of amusement of every kind radiate, as it were, on all sides from the Regent Palace Hotel, and the fact that Messrs. Lyons, Gluckstein and Salmon are responsible for every detail, is a guarantee of those universal desiderata of the day: efficiency and economy. For individual visitors to London, for hospitable dinner-parties, for entertaining of all kinds, the new Hotel is simply ideal.

The will of Miss SARAH WADE FISH, of 9, Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on March 3, is proved by her niece Laura Haslam, the value of the property being £36,714. Testatrix gives £500 each to John Leach, Betsy Leach, and Catherine Leach; £100 each to her servants Elizabeth and Annie Catterall; and the residue as to two thirds to her niece Laura Haslam and one third to her nieces Sarah Graham Fish and Emily Fish.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1911) of MAJOR-GENERAL GUSTAVUS HAMILTON LOCKWOOD MILMAN, of Martins Heron, Bracknell, Berks, who died on March 29, is proved by Baroness Berkeley, the daughter, the value of the property being £22,631 13s. 3d. He gives £100 a year to his friend and companion Minnie Stephenson; £50 to Charles Pratt Barlow; and the residue in trust for his daughter and her issue.

The will of Mr. RICHARD JOHN LAMBERT, of Dances Hill, Oxshott, Surrey, who died on March 1, is proved by his sons, the value of the estate being £125,394. The testator gives £1000, the household effects, and the use of his residence, and of property at Stoke d'Abernon, to his wife; £105 to his son-in-law Colin D. McIver; and the residue to his children, one-third of the income thereof being payable to Mrs. Lambert for life.

The following important wills have been proved—

The Earl of Wemyss, Gosford House, Haddington, and 23, St. James's Place, S.W., personal property	£98,105
Mr. Joseph Herman Epstein, Camden House, Compayne Gardens, West Hampstead	£64,443
Mr. William Driver Harman Milton, Park Place Villas, Paddington, and 6, Park Lane, W.	£62,108
Mr. Joseph Hallworth, Meadow Bank, Edge Lane, Chorlton-cum-Hardy	£54,485
Miss Albinia Tolley, 1, East Ascent, St. Leonards-on-Sea	£30,710
Mrs. Mary Charlotte Leycester Yeatman, Cliefden, Eltham.	£31,952
Miss Lucy Maria Lonsdale, 10, Grosvenor Crescent, West, St. Leonards	£29,844
Mr. Edmund Tautz, 485, Oxford Street, and Castle Bar Hill, Ealing	£29,443

A LETTER WHICH IS AN APPEAL.

16 Platoon, D Company,
15th London Regiment (Civil Service Rifles),
British Expeditionary Force, April 18th, 1915.
DEAR JACK.—The last time I was in the trenches was the worst, but I got back safe. Old man, what we need out here is something good to smoke. We used to get plenty; but now that there are so many more of us, cigarettes are as scarce as hen's teeth. Have the people at home forgotten us? You often hear one chap say to another: "Got a cigarette?" If not, will have to make a *rag-end* do. I am quite well. Kind regards to all the boys.
Yours always, LESLIE K. BROOKS.

Invalids enjoy Benger's Food!

We continually receive letters from Doctors and Nurses expressing the gratitude of patients for Benger's Food. And invalid after invalid writes to say it is the one Food of which they never tire.

The ease with which Benger's Food is digested and absorbed, makes it the most welcome to patients, and it ranks highest among nutritive foods.

Invalids seldom tire of it, because Benger's is entirely a natural food, always prepared with fresh new milk.

As soon as the milk is added to Benger's Food as directed, a self-digestive action begins with both milk and Food. When completely prepared, Benger's is a dainty cream, which is absorbed with less digestive effort than others. The different method of preparing Benger's (see Directions) is the measure of its difference from all other foods.

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Ripe yet mild, easy-smoking yet perfectly cool, this famous old-world mixture has a characteristic charm that delights at the first puff and maintains its fascination for all time.

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BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

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"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES. MEDIUM. 3d. for 10.

No. 404.

LADIES' PAGE.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

A FEATURE of the fuller skirts of this year is the combination of transparent and firmer materials. This diminishes the apparent fullness, for the soft pleatings and gatherings with which the transparent stuffs, such as ninon and chiffon, naturally are made disguise the real amplitude of width; while the taffetas, or fine cloth, or other firm material, is employed in much less abundance. One favourite method of combining a fragile and a firm material is to put the transparent one in with full gatherings at the waist, and supply it with a hem of the heavier fabric to weight it. The same idea is exploited with taffetas and cloth. A model from a celebrated Paris designer is thus built in white chiffon taffetas and black cloth. The hem is of the black cloth, and is nearly half the depth of the whole short skirt; this is a plain band of the black material, and not excessively wide; the white taffetas is cut much fuller, and is gathered on to the back of the flat black hem. There is a natty little coat bodice all of the white taffetas, coming only just below the waist, relieved with black cloth cuffs and revers. Another way of mingling the two sorts of material is to have a sleeveless coat, usually hanging flat and shapeless over the figure both at the back and the front, quite medieval in outline; then there are full sleeves and a small yoke of soft ninon; and the whole skirt is of the soft material, very full, with narrow bands of the cloth at the knee and the hem. In a very smart model seen, purple shot with gold taffetas made this almost shapeless tunic, and paler purple silk ninon was combined as sleeves and skirt. Yet again, a green chené silk was used for a deep hip-yoke, and was carried up like an apron-bib on the corsage back and front; the Magyar sleeves and yoke and a deep flounce to complete the skirt were of cream-coloured embroidered lawn gathered over a foundation of apple-green satin, and narrow lines of iridescent shaded-green bead-trimming were used.

While woollen materials are more expensive this year, silks are to be bought for considerably less prices than usual for the same qualities. This is especially the case as regards Natural Shantung, and also for the finest designs and weaves of Lyons. Shantung in heavy qualities makes excellent summer coats and skirts, and is being much used for this purpose. Button-moulds covered with the same material are the best trimming. The severely "tailored" style can be adopted with Shantung, as the brightness and evenness of the fabric allow of excellent effects being so produced. A little brocaded silk of vivid colouring, or striped silk, can well be employed as revers and cuffs to lighten the effect. A striped cream and pale-pink agrees particularly well with the Shantung pale-fawn colour; and a chené brocade of pale-blue and purple tones is another good harmony. Black taffetas and moiré velours also do well in the tailor style, and are very useful, never too smart or too dowdy, and last well.



A SIMPLE FROCK COMPOSED OF BLACK AND WHITE TAFFETAS TRIMMED WITH BLACK CORD, WITH A NARROW HEM OF WHITE NINON AT THE FOOT OF THE SKIRT.

Taffetas is, above every other material, suitable for the new style of build. The stiffness is adequate to prevent the full flounces or drapings from "flopping," and, at the same time, the pliability of the silk allows it to be gathered and folded as desired. Little coatees, hanging loosely to just below the waist, are made in shot taffetas, and provided with skirts, quite harmonious in both colour and fabric, but nevertheless of a different material. For example, a purple and black shot taffetas was harmonised with a skirt put in with moderately full gathers at the waist, but gored enough not to be bunched, and composed of striped black and purple taffetas. The little vest and high Tudor collar of cream muslin, and an edging to the coatee of jet-bead passementerie and purple cord, relieved the design. An almost similar gown was in emerald-green and ashes-of-roses stripes, with a plain lime-green taffetas corsage cut like a man's vest, having full shirt-sleeves of green chiffon. Girlish frocks are made in taffetas with three flounces for the skirt, and simple little rucked or folded-over corsages; the flounces are best scalloped and bound round. A charming combination for youthful wearers, too, is a figured-muslin full skirt and a jauntily cut short coat of taffetas; and black taffetas for the coat does well, no matter how light the muslin; or even plain white muslin looks well under a black silk coat.

Evening gowns are of much less importance this year than in happier days, for, of course, dances are non-existent, and dinner-parties are comparatively few and quiet. However, some evening clothes are necessary for the quietest social life, and in these again the leading idea is a combination of transparent and firmer silken materials. The corsage portion (for evening gowns are almost all one-piece in cut) is chiefly of a delicate, fragile tulle or chiffon, and as the gown lies over a chair it looks absolutely shapeless, though, when donned, the folds fall into place, and the bands of firmer silk assert their office of shoulder-straps and waist and hip beltings, and the many pleats and folds of tulle or chiffon display graceful and well-arranged draping. The cut is very low, and the top is often so apparently transparent as to convey the impression of inadequacy of covering. Sleeves are non-existent in almost all cases, but sometimes a perfectly transparent sleeve is adopted.

Petticoats again become necessary, for skirts so short and full as are the mode demand an underskirt. These new petticoats are rather full, especially as regards the lower portion, which is usually a frilled flounce; but the underskirt is considerably less wide than the skirt of the gown, so that it sits more closely over the knees. There are dozens of charming designs in evening underskirts; for everyday wear, those in supple taffetas with deep kiltings round the edge, and clinging to the figure above, are the most useful. The fullness of the dress skirts is almost wholly from the knee downwards; at the lower portion the skirt is made to "flare," and naturally the underskirt follows its partner's lead, but is yet closer-fitting and more decorous.

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A Gift sure of Appreciation.

Your soldier friends will appreciate the gift of a few bottles of Lea & Perrins' Sauce to use with their War Rations. It makes Bully Beef appetising, and when mixed with jam is an excellent substitute for chutnee. Messrs. Lea & Perrins will send

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LEA & PERRINS, 7, Midland Rd., WORCESTER.



Carriage Paid direct to the Western Front for **5/-**

Light—Cool—Comfortable

FOR ordinary walking or business wear in the dog days, when beating sun and broiling pavements make boots a misery and even shoes of the stouter sort a burden, a man wants something very cool and light in the way of shoes, like this Lotus No. 722 A, for instance. It is cut from very fine, flexible box calf and made on a new and remarkably comfortable last, comfortable without being in the slightest degree clumsy. Indeed, 722 A is a most shapely shoe, quiet and thoroughly good-looking and will appeal to those men who want shoes that have a distinctly "hand-made" appearance, yet can be obtained—more conveniently and far less expensively—from stock.

Letters

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Manufacturers of Lotus and Delta Shoes



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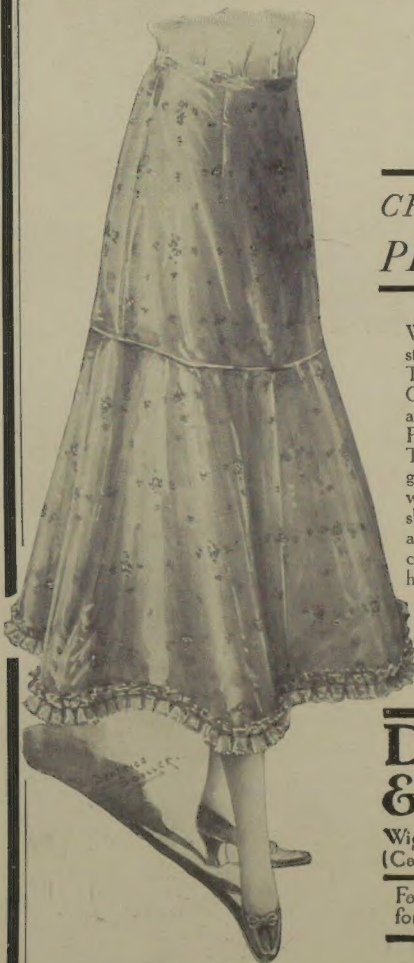
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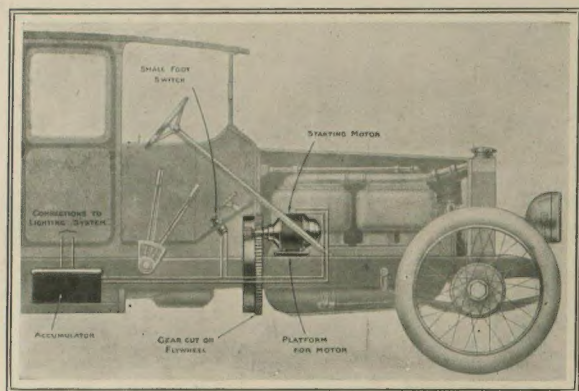
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Bridge Tolls. Cyclists have to thank the Roads Improvement Association for the withdrawal of the clause imposing tolls on these road-users when crossing the new Goring and Streatley Bridge. This is one of the few remaining bridges in this country still in the hands of a public body of Commissioners who have the right by Act of Parliament to exact tolls from vehicles



A NEW ELECTRIC STARTER: THE BROLT.

The Brolt Electric Starter, of which we give a diagram, is positive in action, and the method of transmitting the power to the fly-wheel by means of a gear-ring is a great improvement on friction-driven devices, which often slip on account of oil and grease accumulating on the fly-wheel and friction-ring. Our diagram shows one method of fixing the starter.

crossing this structure. This bridge needs reconstruction, and so the Commissioners have sought the aid of Parliament not only to re-enact all the existing tolls, but also to impose new ones upon bicycles and tricycles using the bridge. Owing to the efforts of Earl Russell on behalf of the Roads Improvement Association in the House of Lords, the clause imposing tolls on cyclists has been withdrawn. It is a pity that the County Council of Oxfordshire have not taken over this bridge, and thus freed it of all these ancient imposts, for the benefit of all road-users, motorists included.

A "Lusitania" Another motorist, Mr. Guy Lewin, has fallen a victim to the German "frightfulness," as hope has now been abandoned that this gentleman has survived the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, on which he was a passenger. His firm has the British concession of the American Hollier eight-cylinder car, which is another revelation of the strenuous efforts of that country's motor-manufacturers to capture the market for low-priced motor vehicles here. This

latest proposition—an eight-cylinder pleasure car—complete for about £250 for a motor carriage capable of developing 40-h.p. at 2000 revolutions of the engine, is a tall order. Of course, the chassis looks a bit light, but the efficiency of the Ford has proved that too much notice must not be taken on that score, as, somehow or other, the "jiggers" go all the same without cracking up as quickly as expected. Economy in production has dispensed with the magneto, but the electric-lighting and engine-starting equipment provides a constant flow of electrical current—"juice" is the technical slang—to the accumulator battery cells. I rather fancy the system will be adopted in the cheaper British-made cars in a short while, and readers of these notes may remember that it has been suggested more than once as a return of an older method that produces just as efficient a spark as the magneto. This Hollier has the usual American characteristics: centre control for its three-speed gear-box, which forms part and parcel of the engine unit; light cast-iron pistons; thermo-siphon cooling for the water circulation; but the brakes are stouter, and are on usual European lines—internal expanding on separate drums on the back wheels. The bore of the cylinders is 3 inches, and the stroke $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches (76 mm. by 108 mm.); but I must leave any criticism of its

road capabilities until I have tested it, which I hope to in the near future.

American Racers. Though the two Sunbeam racers are to be the only British representatives of the English automobile industry, yet England can claim in an indirect way some connection with the Porter-Knight cars running in the 500-mile race at Indianapolis on Saturday (20th). For even though the Tourist Trophy Race demonstrated that the Knight sleeve-valve engine used in that Isle of Man event last year by the successful team prize-winners, the Minerva cars, could be successful, had it not been for the Daimler Company developing this engine it would never have reached its eminence in the motor world. The sleeve-valve Porter-Knight engines to be used in these cars in this American

race follow the lines of the Daimler and Minerva motors. Two sets of sleeves are driven by separate eccentric shafts, one shaft driving the outer and the other the inner sleeve-valves. It is stated that these motors develop 125-brake-h.p. at 3950 revolutions of the crank-shaft per minute. I only hope they will not emit the clouds of burnt oil smoke that somewhat handicapped the other competitors in the Isle of Man race. Porporato, who is driving one of the Sunbeam racers, has had one experience of this nuisance, which produced a general protest from the drivers of the other cars then. It is an interesting race, and it will be curious to see if the poppet-valve will hold its own against the sleeve-valve type of motor.

W. W.

Among those who realise what the country owes at this time to the leaders of the British Navy there will doubtless be a large demand for the colour reproduction of Mr. Philip de Laszlo's portrait of Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, the hero of the Heligoland and Dogger Bank naval victories. This picture was much admired at the recent exhibition of portraits of British Naval and Military Commanders. The reproduction is published by the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, in colour-facsimile, at



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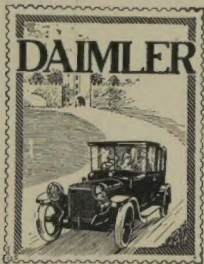
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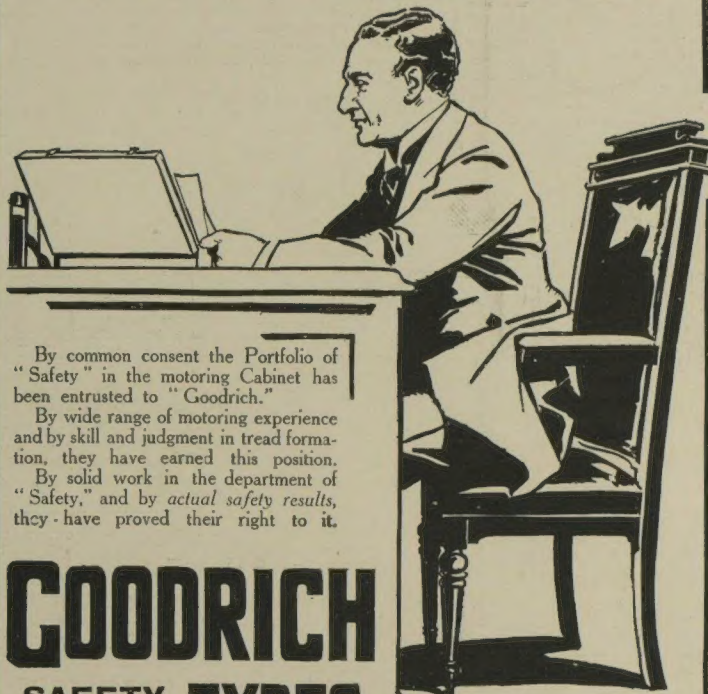
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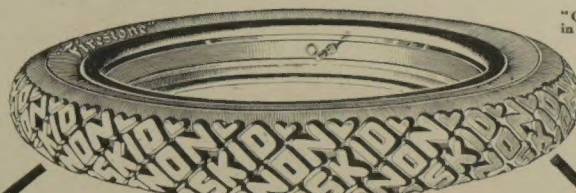
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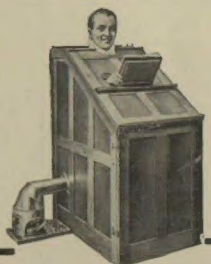
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CHESS.

C WILLING (Philadelphia).—We are greatly indebted to you for your kindness, and have written you an acknowledgment, but are doubtful whether the address you gave is sufficient to find you.

N SANKARA AIGAR, M.A.—In the last position submitted, we see no solution if Black play 1. Kt to R 6th (ch).

H X.—As regards position No. 2, there is a second solution by 1. K to Kt 2nd. If we decide on publishing the other, under what name is it to appear?

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—We can give no undertaking as to when such replies can be made. Further contributions will always receive attention.

D W GRAY (Laurenceville School).—We fear there must be something wrong with your diagram of No. 3666. The White Queen stands at K R 8th; the K Kt 8th sq is unoccupied, so why it cannot go there, as you say, is incomprehensible.

P F FULLART (Norwich).—In No. 3702, how do you mate in two if, in answer to 1. Kt to B 3rd, Black play 1. P to B 4th? This same move of Black's also stops your solution in three.

V KONTUNEMI (Raabe, Finland).—Thanks for problem, which we hope will follow your last contribution.

R S ALLEN (Bedford).—If 1. P to K 4th, the reply is obviously 1. K takes Kt.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the New York Tournament, between MESSRS. CAPABLANCA and MICHIESEN.
(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White's combination since his	tenth move has been singularly effective, but he is helped here by some oversight of his opponent, who could not have intended to sacrifice his Q P.
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15.	Q to B sq
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	16. R to K 5th	B to K B 3rd
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes P	17. B to B 4th (ch)	K to R sq
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	18. R to K 2nd	P to B 3rd
6. P to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	19. B to B 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd
7. Castles	Castles	20. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 2nd
8. P to B 4th	B to K 3rd	21. Q to Q 3rd	R to Q sq

It was natural to bring another piece into play, but it was a mistake, all the same. P to Q B 3rd is the correct move, as may presently appear.

9. R to K sq P to K B 4th
10. P to B 5th B to K 2nd
Now the Bishop must give up the command of the long diagonal, and Black's game becomes very cramped. Had the Bishop been able to go to B 2nd, the whole character of the game would have been changed.

11. Kt to K 5th Kt to Q 2nd
12. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt
13. P to B 3rd P to B 3rd
14. R to K 4th Kt to K sq
15. R takes Q P

A disastrous defence; but what, ever Black does is equally hopeless.
16. R to K 7th R to Q 2nd
17. R takes R Resigns.
The ending is played in the Cuban master's best style, even though Black's last move was a mistake.

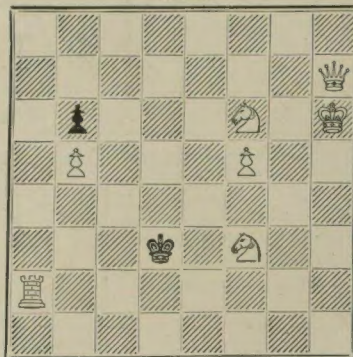
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3666 received from C A M (Penang), and Professor K P Dè (Rangoon); of No. 3665 from Professor K P Dè, Colonel V A (Russian Military Attaché, Serbia), and C A M; of No. 3666 from J Heely (Banning, California); of No. 3668 from J R Jamieson (Ferryhill), Charles Willing (Philadelphia), J Murray (Quebec), C W B Selwyn (Venice, California), W C Livingston (Brantford, Ontario); of No. 3699

from W C Livingston, F S Bailey (East Braintree, Mass., U.S.A.), J R Jamieson, Charles Willing, and Y Kontunemi (Raabe, Finland); of No. 3700 from Charles Willing, J R Jamieson, F S Bailey, and W Dittlof Tjassens (Apeldoorn), Camille Genoud (Weston-super-Mare), Jacob Verrall (Roden), H H Willmore (H.M.S. Hardy), J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven), and J Daddon (Canford); of No. 3701 from H H Willmore, J Marshall Bell, E G B B, H P Cole, Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), P T Utton (Bournemouth), J Daddon, A W Hamilton-Gell (Carlton Club), H B Morris (Leicester), and A L Payne (Lazonby).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3701 received from E J Winter-Wood (Paignton), J Chomé (La Roque), W Lillie (Marple), R C Durdil (South Woodford), J Fowler, G Wilkinson (Bristol), A H Arthur (Bath), Pals, J J Dennis (Gosport), Arthur Perry (Dublin), M E Onslow (Bournemouth), R Worters (Canterbury), W A Palmer, A W Hamilton-Gell, J R Jamieson, Montagu Lubbock, Rev. J Christie, Blair H Cochrane (Harting), E G B B, A M Sparke, Camille Genoud, J Marshall Bell, J F Fortes (Brighton), and G F Anderson (Brixton).

PROBLEM No. 3705.—By E. G. B. BARLOW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3702.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

WHITE

1. P to B 5th

2. Kt (at Kt sq) to B 3rd (ch)

3. Mates.

BLACK

K to K 4th

K moves

If Black play 1. P to B 7th, 2. Kt to B 6th (ch); and if the other, 2. Kt (at Kt sq) to B, etc.

We regret to note the death of Mr. Nelson Fedden, who was well known some years ago as an accomplished chess-player, and to whom this column was indebted for many interesting games. The contemporary of such men as Thorold, Wayte, Ranken, McDonnell, Lowenthal, and many others of similar rank, he could hold his own against the best of them, as many a hard-fought contest proved. He was President of the Bristol and Clifton Chess Club for many years, and repeatedly won the championship cup. In 1882

he divided with Pollock and Loman for first prize in the Southern Counties' Tournament at Bath. Mr. Fedden relinquished chess some few years ago. He passed away at his residence at Saltford, Bristol, after a long illness, at the advanced age of seventy-nine.

We regret we made an unfortunate slip over Problem No. 3700. Misled by some of our best solvers, we stated without sufficient examination that the problem had a second solution by 1. Kt to B 4th. The composer now points out that 1. Kt to Kt 4th stops everything, and this appears to be correct.

"JAUNTY IN CHARGE."

THE elusive charm of youth is not so often wafted from the printed page that any reader can afford to overlook "Jaunty in Charge" (Constable). We know all about Mrs. George Wemyss's professional aunt, the very model of young unmarried aunts for all time, and now we are introduced to two more refreshing and adorable girls with whom the professional aunt would find herself, we are sure, in congenial company. Jaunty, the ex-clerk and semi-butler who brings up the Lawrence children, is drawn with considerable skill and with no little painstaking; but the girls have flowed off Mrs. Wemyss's pen without a trace of effort, and, for all Jaunty's originality, theirs is the greater triumph. This is a pleasant world, as Jaunty would have it for his charges, and as (for the most part) Pamela and Sally find it. There are April tears, and love-affairs, and marriages—the storms and the responsibilities of life—and there is the abiding joy of innocence and the spirit of mirth. There is also a measure of worldly observation, sage and shrewd, with which the author endows the elders of the story. "Jaunty in Charge" is a delightful book, though its substance is of the slightest. The thread of plot is barely strong enough to bear the epigrams with which it is adorned. Mrs. Wemyss has little or no concern with actualities except when she strings a pearl of commonsense, a crystallised drop of her knowledge of human nature, on the cobweb of fantasy which she has spun into the semblance of a novel. This is not exactly the art of making books—certainly not the art of conventional fiction—but it is the rarer practice of entertainment, very daintily executed.

These are difficult days for art, and it is satisfactory to find that the well-known monthly magazine *Colour* is still able to maintain its high standard of work, both pictorial and literary. As its title implies, colour is used largely in the illustrations, which are of distinguished quality. Particularly attractive is the full-page reproduction of W. Lee Hankey's "Noonday, Granada." They include also, in the number before us, striking work by A. Woolmark, Maxwell Armfield, Frank Potter, Wynne Apperley, Mlle. Lavrut, and Carlo Norway. There are also some charming black-and-white drawings by Frank Potter, C. R. Wylie, D. Murray Smith, and others. The letterpress comprises essays on art matters, poems, and short stories.

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